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## FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

BY A. H. B.

In God's green acre, when the year was young,
With many a tear we bore him to his rest;
No fame or glory his by worldlings sung,
But—of all earthly monuments the best—

A shrine within the grateful loving hearts
Of those he added with his heart and hand,
Of those to whom his faithful, noble soul
Brought comfort when grim Death was in the land.

And so he died, a martyr in the cause
Of Christian love, who, soothing others' woe,
Ne'er thought of self, but fearless moved amidst [laid low
Those scenes of Death, till Death himself

More hero he—oh, nobler, braver far
Than they who on the battle field seek fame!
His deeds are written in a thousand hearts,
A thousand voices ever bless his name.

## THE RUBY RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THRONE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," "A GOLDEN DAWN," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED)

SHE must have heard his footsteps, for she turned to see who the intruder was; and then she smiled a bewitching smile. He saw the glory of her beautiful eyes then; despite her blond loveliness, they were dark as night, large and lustrous—eyes such as he had never seen before. The thought came to him, "This is the woman I ought to have married."

She advanced to meet him with a smile.

"You are Sir Carlos Carew," she said; "I know you by your portrait in the picture gallery."

"And you are Lady Gladys Kerr."

"And a very fortunate Lady Gladys too" she replied laughingly, to be in this beautiful spot on so fair a morning. Of all the mornings in the year, I think these of April are the sweetest.

He walked to the stone balustrade where she had been leaning, and looked upon the scene on which she had looked—the noble trees, the picturesque grounds, the gleaming water of the mere. How fair and bright it all was! Ah, what a shadow he had brought upon his house! At that moment he loathed himself for what he had done.

Lady Gladys gave him little time for his miserable thoughts; she was greatly interested in Firholme. She wanted to know in whose reign the house had been built, what distinguished personages had visited it, what the Carews had done in the senate and in the field.

"Is it true that you hear the waterfall more plainly when misfortune is coming to any of you?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "I have heard my mother say that, when my father was dying, she heard it so plainly that it seemed quite close to her. The water fell then with a kind of wail."

"And do you believe it?"

"I should think the sound depends entirely on the quarter from which the wind blows," he replied.

"You ought to believe it," she said, with a bright smile. "If I were in your place, I should believe in every legend connected with the house. I like Firholme; it is so old and picturesque. I should like to see every nook and corner of it."

"You shall; I will take you all over it. There are some state rooms in the eastern wing that I have not seen for years I shall be pleased to see them again."

He looked up at the sound of approaching footsteps. Lady Carew was walking down the terrace with some letters in her hand. She smiled at seeing the two together. Could it be possible that the desire of her heart could be granted?

"Carlos, here are some letters for you," she said, as she gave the packet to him.

His face darkened as he saw that two of them came from Maggie. They bore the Como post mark, which his mother had evidently not noticed. He knew what they contained—urgent prayers that she might come to England to be acknowledged as his wife. A deep shadow seemed to fall over the fair smiling landscape.

"There is nothing of consequence in them," he said, thrusting the letters into his pocket; "I will read them later on."

"How beautiful the mere looks from here!" observed Lady Carew.

He was impatient and angry—so angry that he could not speak civilly. He raised his head quickly. He felt that he must contradict some one.

"The mere?" he said. "I do not agree with you, mother. If I had my own way, I would have it filled up and have a grassy knoll in its place crowned by trees."

They were idle words—he had forgotten them five minutes afterwards; but, so far as his mother was concerned, no idle wish of his was ever left unfulfilled. She immediately resolved that the alteration should be made the next time he left home. It would be a pleasant surprise for him.

Lady Gladys said nothing, but thought he was mistaken. Nothing, in her opinion, was more beautiful than the glimmer of water through forest trees. Every word of the conversation came back to her afterwards.

Pushing the letters still deeper into his pocket that he might forget them, if possible, the more easily, Sir Carlos repented of his ill-humor. What right had he to vent it on the pretty mere or on his loving mother? In a sudden fit of compunction he bent and kissed her hand.

"Lady Gladys would like to see the whole interior of the house, mother; shall we spend the morning in showing it to her?"

Lady Carew assented. They went through the modern part of the building first, and then through the state rooms in the eastern wing. Sir Carlos made himself so agreeable, and was such an entertaining companion, that Lady Gladys was charmed and his mother prouder than ever of him. For a time he forgot the great trouble of his life.

"There is a curious room here," he said to Lady Gladys when they were in the eastern wing, "called the Venetian room. One of my ancestors, about two hundred years ago, married a Venetian lady, a beautiful creature. Her portrait hangs in this room; and the apartment is fitted throughout in Venetian fashion. I will show you some rare Venetian curiosities."

The closed shutters were thrown wide open, and Lady Gladys found herself in a magnificent room with a painted ceiling.

Sir Carlos went up to an old cabinet that stood in one corner of the room.

"Lady Bianca Carew brought this with her from Venice," he said. "Do you see how magnificently it is inlaid? It is full of drawers which hold the ancient treasures of Lady Bianca."

"I should like to see them," said Lady Gladys eagerly.

"Your wish can soon be gratified," answered Sir Carlos.

He turned the key that was in the lock and opened the outer door.

"What beautiful little drawers!" exclaimed Lady Gladys. "And they are all full?"

"Examine them for yourself," said Sir Carlos.

One by one Lady Gladys pulled out the drawers. Some were filled with old-fashioned filigree-work; in one lay a silver crucifix set in precious stones; another contained amber, another faded rose leaves, others beautiful cameos; the last drawer in the row disclosed a small ring-case locked with a tiny key.

"What is that?" asked Lady Carew.

Sir Carlos opened it slowly.

"This," he said, "is the Venetian ring It was one of Lady Bianca's heirlooms."

"What is there remarkable in it?" asked Lady Carew. It looks like a plain ruby ring."

"There is death in it," he replied. "Do not touch it. I do not like to see it in your hands, mother. Underneath this ruby is poison—the most deadly poison known. Press the spring, and a thick dark liquid wells up."

"How horrible!" cried Lady Gladys; and the ladies stood looking at it as though fascinated.

The ring that lay in the purple velvet case had nothing uncommon about it. It was a broad band of gold with a large ruby in the centre.

"How do you press the spring?" asked Lady Gladys, breaking the silence.

"I do not know," he answered; "but I will look through the records again and tell you."

"If I were you, Carlos," said Lady Carew, "I would break it up. It makes me uncomfortable to know there is such a thing in the house. I would destroy it."

"I hardly like to do that," he rejoined. "You see it is a valuable heirloom. No, I will not destroy it. It will be quite safe here. It has lain here two hundred years."

"I think," observed Lady Carew, "that I remember hearing your father speak of of once; but I had forgotten all about it."

"Put it away, Sir Carlos," said Lady Gladys, shuddering—"it makes me think of treachery and death and all kinds of horrible things."

The two ladies stood by in silence while he replaced the ring in the case, relocked it with its tiny key, closed the drawer, and then locked the cabinet.

"Lady Bianca had some valuable treasures," said Lady Carew.

"What is that noise?" asked Lady Gladys. "Do you hear it—a prolonged unearthly wail?"

Sir Carlos laughed.

"That is the waterfall. The wind is in the south west, and we are much nearer to it than in the western wing."

"This room has given me the horrors," said Lady Carew. "I am ashamed to confess it, but I feel as though some one lay dead here. Carlos, let us have it opened and use it. That would take the uncanny feeling away."

"We will think about it, mother," he replied. "We will say good-bye now to the beautiful Lady Bianca, and leave her with her heirlooms."

All three looked once more at the cabinet where the Venetian ring lay, and at the portrait of the dark-eyed woman, who had been Lady Bianca Carew.

"Let us get into the fresh air again," said Lady Gladys. "April breezes and April showers are better than heirlooms. The odor of the violets will make us forget the ruby ring."

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE next six weeks passed like a dream to Sir Carlos. He was defeated at the election; but that did not seem to trouble him—nay, in his heart he was more pleased than if he had been successful. Then he would have had to live for some part of the year in London, whither he must perforce take Maggie—he shuddered as he thought of it—now he could hide himself with her abroad.

The truth had come to him in all its bitterness. It was but a boy's foolish unreasoning love that he had had for Maggie. He had seen the woman who ought to have been his wife—beautiful, refined, high-bred Lady Gladys Kerr. Not that he was base enough to win her affection; but he saw that for the asking it might have been his. He saw that his mother desired it and hoped for nothing better. He saw too that Lady Gladys liked him.

She had many lovers, but one followed her persistently, loved her best, would have given his life for her, and would have married her for her own sweet sake had she been penniless. Lady Gladys was sorry for him when she came to Firholme, but the handsome face of Sir Carlos had put everything else out of her mind.

Sir Carlos saw now what it might have been had he shown a little self control. There were times when Lady Gladys almost charmed him into forgetfulness—she was so brilliant, so witty. If he had made her mistress of Firholme, his mother's pride and happiness and his own joy would have been so great. He could not stay at Firholme much longer; he must go back to his wife, he must tell his mother of the marriage, and forget all about Lady Gladys. He must bear courageously what he had to bear; it was his own doing—no one else was to blame

In the meantime the valet watched him without cessation. Hiram West was baffled. Sir Carlos was always most careful in destroying his letters. He had learned this lesson years befors. Not a scrap of an envelope or letter was ever left to tell tales of him. Hiram West knew no more of Maggie than when he entered Sir Carlos's service. What surprised him most was that Sir Carlos seemed to be in love with Lady Gladys. It was no secret that Lady Gladys liked him. The servants in the house spoke of it as though the match were already made. It was talked of too in the neighborhood.

While Sir Carlos was thinking what pretext he could invent for leaving home, he had a sudden and terrible shock. One of the daily papers—honestly believed that it was true—told its readers that a marriage was on the tapis between the beautiful and accomplished Lady Gladys Kerr and Sir Carlos Carew of Firholme.

Lady Carew and the Baroness Cawdor decided that it would be better for Lady Gladys not to see the paper, and she did not. The Baroness smiled, and said that the freedom of the press in England was carried a little too far.

"I wish to Heaven," she cried impetuously, "that the news was true. I should like nothing better than for my son to marry your niece!"

"I should like it too; and, if he should ask her, I do not think she will say him nay," replied the Baroness. "I know what she thinks of him."

Sir Carlos, who was entering the room at that moment, overheard the words and shuddered. How well he could have loved this girl! He was deeply annoyed at the paragraph. Thank Heaven Maggie was in Italy! He fervently hoped that she would not by any evil chance see the announcement. He must talk to his mother about it, and make it the pretext for leaving home for a time.

But when he began to speak of leaving Firholme Lady Carew would not hear of it.

"Do not think too much of that paragraph, Carlos," she said. "Rumors like

that are very common. If I were you, I should simply make it true!"

"You would like me to marry Lady Gladys, mother?"

"Yes, I should, because I feel sure she loves you; and the love of such a woman is beyond price."

"I know it," he replied, turning from her. He knew it now that it was too late.

He must not stop there any longer. His honor, his marriage-vows, prevented him from remaining where a beautiful woman was learning to love him. He must first settle the accounts in connection with the election, and then he would go. When Lady Gladys left, he would return and tell his mother all, and then take her to Italy with him.

So a few more days passed, and he found himself more than ever haunted by the lovely face and sweet voice of Lady Gladys. He tried his best to avoid her. He importuned his mother to keep the house full of visitors, to give dinner-parties and balls; and she indulged his every whim.

A dinner-party, to be followed by a dance, was arranged for the third of June. On that morning, and for the first time, Lady Carew commented on Sir Carlos' foreign letter.

"What strange handwriting, Carlos!" she said.

The letter she gave him was from Maggie. His face darkened when he saw it, and darkened still more when he read it.

During the preparations for the evening's festivities no one noticed the worn haggard face of Sir Carlos. He selected a charming bouquet for Lady Gladys, and all the time in his heart reigned horrible despair. If Maggie, defiant, excited with wine, sought him out there! He dared not think of it. He would have been more despairing still had he seen Lady Gladys, looking most captivating, in her ball dress. His mother had sent for her to her dressing-room.

"I want to speak to you," she said. "Oh, Gladys, how charming you look! Be kind to my son if he says anything to you to-night."

"I am always kind to him, Lady Carew," answered the girl, with a flush on her face. "How could I be anything else?"

At that moment Sir Carlos stood in his dressing-room, sick at heart, and with a nameless dread wishing the dinner, the dance, and everything else over.

"Which studs will you wear, Sir Carlos?" asked the attentive valet, holding out the jewel-case for his inspection.

"Oh, any—perhaps the diamond set will be best," he answered, turning his troubled eyes.

The set of diamond studs were magnificent; they were a present from his mother on his twenty-first birthday.

Very handsome he looked in his evening dress. As Hiram West fastened the magnificent solitaires in the white cuffs, he looked at his master and thought that if such diamonds were his he would not look miserable. He saw Sir Carlos take out a letter, read it with knitted brows, and then hold it over the lamp until the whole of it was consumed.

The valet would have given his right hand to read that letter, but he bowed obsequiously as Sir Carlos asked for something, and then watched him descend the stairs.

The flowers, the brilliant lights, the fair faces of the women, their jewels and dresses, all seemed to whirl before Sir Carlos.

He talked to Lady Gladys, took her in to dinner, danced with her, and all the time was waiting with chilled heart and parched lips for the clock to strike nine.

It struck at last. Sweet Lady Gladys looked up at him anxiously, and said she was sure he was not well. One moment his hand was feverishly hot, and then again was deathly cold. He apologized for having to leave her, and said—

"Keep the third waltz for me; I shall be back soon."

Five minutes afterwards he was walking rapidly along the road that led to the Armitage station.

When he returned he was not alone, and the sound of bitter passionate sobs fell upon the night air. He crossed the park and stood for some time looking moodily at the dark waters of the mere.

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Ten o'clock. Lady Gladys began to wonder if Sir Carlos would be in time for the promised waltz. The valet was making himself very comfortable with a light repast of oysters. Suddenly the bell of his master's dressing-room rang violently, and he hastened up-stairs. Sir Carlos was standing there, looking white and haggard.

"Give me some brandy quickly," he said in a husky voice. "I am not well."

Hiram went to get the spirit, and then turned up the lamps. He saw that Sir Carlos was trembling violently. The Baronet drank the ardent spirit as though it were cold water. Hiram saw that his dress was disarranged. One of his linen cuffs had been torn off, and the magnificent solitaire was gone.

The valet looked up and met his master's eyes fixed upon him. The brandy had steadied Sir Carlos' nerves; but the voice in which he spoke was quite unlike his own.

"I have had a struggle," he said hoarsely. "I went out into the park and met a poacher. I think he will remember the meeting."

His lips were white and his teeth set.

"Your coat is torn, Sir Carlos," said the valet.

"Is it? Ah, yes—I see! Make haste and get me some more things ready; I must go back to the ball-room."

"Do you remember where you lost the diamond solitaire, Sir Carlos?" asked his servant. "It is valuable; and should be looked for."

"I did not even know that I had lost it," was the reply.

Sir Carlos finished his toilet and went away; but the valet stood holding the torn linen sleeve in his hand. The cuff had evidently been seized and torn completely away.

"I will save this," Hiram West said. "Unless I am very much mistaken, this has been torn by a woman's hand."

## CHAPTER XIV

It was the morning after the party, and the three ladies partook of breakfast without Sir Carlos. When he did come down, he looked very haggard, very unlike himself; evidently he had not benefited by his night's rest. Moreover, he had lost his temper with his valet, and that had not improved matters. Hiram West had persisted in speaking of the lost solitaire.

"If you do not want the matter named, Sir Carlos," he said, "and if you will tell me where you think you lost it, I will go myself and look for it."

"Never mind it! I can have another made to match it," replied the Baronet impatiently.

"Pardon me, Sir Carlos; that would be a great pity. I am a pretty fair judge of diamonds. The missing solitaire must be worth two hundred pounds at least. It will be lying in the grass, still in the cuff, I have no doubt."

"Do you want to drive me mad?" cried Sir Carlos; and the man sprang back in alarm.

But, when his master was gone, Hiram West took the torn linen from its hiding-place.

"There is no mistake about it," he said; "that was done by a woman's hand; no doubt of it. There are ten to one that the woman has the solitaire, and that that is why he is so angry about it."

Was that bright handsome Sir Carlos, that man with the pale face and the wild eyes, who seemed afraid to face the sunlight, who shuddered when the sound of a human voice reached him?

The Baronet said to himself that he should go mad if he stayed much longer at Firholme.

Lady Carew found her son in the dining-room, with an untasted breakfast before him, and cried out in alarm when she saw his face.

"You are ill, Carlos! Oh, my dear, what is the matter? You look ghastly!"

"I feel ill, mother," he replied. "Look at my hands. See how they tremble. I cannot keep them still. Is this how people look for a fever?"

"My dear boy, I hope not!" she said, her eyes filling with tears. "Let me send for a doctor."

"No!"—and he began to pace up and down the room. "I will go away for a day or two. Change of air often prevents an illness."

"Let me go with you," she implored. "You are not fit to go alone, Carlos; you are not indeed."

"I shall be better alone, mother—a thousand times better."

"You stayed too long in Italy," said Lady Carew. "I don't think the climate suited you. Go to Scotland for a few weeks; the bracing air will perhaps restore you."

He laid his aching head on her shoulder.

"I have been a sad trouble to you, mother, all these years. I—I wish now that I had behaved better."

Tears were falling from his eyes—but blinding tears. She had not seen him cry since he was a child. He must be ill.

"You have never given me any trouble," she said soothingly. "You have been the very joy of my life."

Then he drew away from her with a wild cry.

"Did you hear anything, mother? I thought I heard the tramping of feet."

"No; it is fancy, Carlos. My dear, I am alarmed about you. Have medical advice. You are really ill."

"No; I will go away from here. Nothing but change of air will remove this nervous depression. Mother, I will take the train to Upton, and go on to Carsdale for a week. Will you make my adieux to the Baroness and Lady Gladys? Do not say anything about my being ill. Say business has called me away."

Lady Carew looked at him with quivering lips.

"I am so unhappy about you, Carlos. At least take your valet with you. Do not go alone."

"He is a chattering idiot!" cried Sir Carlos. "I beg your pardon, mother; but he irritates me with his perpetual chatter. I will go alone. I shall come back quite well."

"Heaven grant it, my dearest boy!" she returned.

But, when he was alone, he put his arms on the table, laid his head on them, and groaned aloud.

"I cannot bear it," he cried. "I must go—— Oh, heaven, let me die or go mad and forget!"

* * * * * *

Before night Sir Carlos was two hundred miles away; but the restlessness did not leave him.

He could not still the trembling of his limbs. If he lay down to rest, he started up with horrible cries; if he tried to sleep, it was only to suffer from such horrible dreams that any pain was preferable. He had not been able to rest at Firholme; he could not rest away from it. Whatever secret he had left there haunted him.

"How can I go back to it?" he would cry.

In the midst of his despair he thought of his loving, anxious mother. He steadied his trembling hands, and wrote to her that he was better—the change of air had done him good.

When she read the letter, she was overjoyed. She began to think of what she could do to please him while he was away. He had spoken of having the pictures hung differently in the dining-room—that she would have attended to; and the mere? It should be drained at once, filled in, a knoll formed, and the top of it crowned with trees. He had said that he should like it, and it should be done. She would see about it at once. She would do anything to give him pleasure.

She wrote the same morning to Lynn Mavis, and Mr. Oregon, the land surveyor, came over to see her, and undertook to execute the work, though he told her he thought it was a pity to fill up the mere. But Lady Carew said proudly that her son wished it, so it must be done.

A week later the men were at work; and Lady Carew thought how pleased her son would be when he returned.

Perhaps some instinct told him that something was wrong, or it might be that he could not find the rest he craved. Whatever it was, he felt that he must go back to Firholme. He started one afternoon and arrived there late at night. His white haggard face startled the servant who opened the door. Sir Carlos would not allow his mother to be told of his return; he would not have her disturbed. He slept that night from sheer exhaustion. The sleep did him good; and in the morning he awoke refreshed.

"Perhaps," he said to himself, "I frighten myself with shadows. I will try to be braver. I will go down to breakfast."

The breakfast-room was the very picture of comfort and luxury. Lady Gladys welcomed him with a blush and a smile; the Baroness was delighted to see him; while Lady Carew was almost beside herself with joy. He sat down at the table and tried to talk. Once or twice, as he looked out into the grounds, he fancied he saw strange workmen about. But he made no comment—the circumstance did not interest him.

The Baroness, thinking he was not in his usual spirits, began to tell him of all that he had happened during the last few days. Lady Gladys was attentive to his wants, and his mother's eyes, bright with love, never left him.

Presently Lady Gladys said—

"The workmen seem unusually busy this morning."

"Yes," he replied Lady Carew; "they expect to finish the first part of their work to-day." Then she turned to her son. "I had intended to give you such a pleasant surprise, Carlos; but, as you have returned in the midst of our work, I must tell you my secret, or you would find it out as soon as you went into the grounds."

He did not feel interested. He held out his coffee-cup to Lady Gladys to be refilled.

"You once expressed a wish to me," continued his mother, "about the mere; and I bethought myself of it while you were away. I have been trying to carry out your suggestion. The workmen are at this moment engaged in draining the mere."

He dropped the coffee-cup, which fell with a loud clatter to the ground, and started from his seat with a terrible cry—a cry that haunted his mother until her dying day.

"Draining the mere? Great Heaven have pity on me!"

And then he rushed from the room, overturning everything that was in his way.

In wonder, terror, and dismay the three ladies followed him. They heard him cry out that the work must be stopped at once. But it was too late!

Even as Sir Carlos opened the door that led to the lawn, he knew that it was too late. He heard cries in the distance and saw men running hither and thither. He dashed on, the three ladies still following him. What were the people saying? The men whispering to each other—the women servants, attracted by the noise, were uttering strange cries; yet amidst all the confusion, he heard what they were saying—"A woman found drowned in the mere!"

When the water was nearly drained away, the workmen had found her lying amongst the reeds, and with reverent hands had laid her on the bank—a woman beautiful and young.

Although Sir Carlos thought he was running faster than ever man ran before, his steps were faltering; and now his mother was by his side.

"Carlos, Carlos," she cried in unutterable anguish, "what is wrong?"

"A woman drowned!" seemed to rise from a hundred throats; and then Mr. Gregson the surveyor stood before them.

Sir Carlos could neither run nor walk now, he stood quite still, his face ghastly pale.

"This is a sad thing, Sir Carlos," said Mr. Gregson.

"What is it?" asked Lady Carew, quivering with pain. "What are the men whispering and the women crying for?"

"A sad thing, my lady—a terrible thing!" replied the surveyor. "A woman has been found drowned in the mere."

"Drowned in the mere!" she repeated, aghast.

Her eyes sought those of Sir Carlos. What did she expect to find there? Mother and son looked at each other, but did not speak.

"A young and beautiful woman," continued the surveyor, pleased at the awful impression he was making.

"Young and beautiful!" repeated Lady Carew; and again her eyes, with a look of terror in them, sought those of her son.

"She must have been there eight or ten days at least," Mr. Gregson went on. "We found her among the reeds. They have laid her on the bank and covered her face."

"Poor creature!" murmured Lady Carew, her eyes filling with tears; and she turned to the nearest path to the mere.

Sir Carlos clutched the surveyor's arm, and said in a husky voice—

"Do not let her see; she is so delicate, she—the shock will kill her!"

Mr. Gregson ran after Lady Carew, and begged her to turn back.

"Do not go near, my lady," he said; "it is not a fit sight for you."

Sir Carlos walked unsteadily towards the fatal mere. The water was now so low that the thick dark ooze at the bottom was visible. He could see the small crowd gathered round something on the bank, and involuntarily he drew nearer and nearer. They were bending over the silent dripping figure, and a new horror seized him.

He saw one of the men-servants who had just been speaking to his valet, who formed one of the crowd. He went up to the man and clutched his arm.

"I will give you a thousand pounds," he said; in a hoarse voice, "if you will go to that dead woman and take from her what she holds in her hand."

The man looked up at him, scared and bewildered.

"A thousand pounds?" he repeated.

"Yes, immediately," gasped Sir Carlos,

of you will go and get for me what she holds in her hand!"

"I will try. What is it?"

"A cuff—a torn white linen cuff with a diamond solitaire," was the reply. "I will give you a thousand pounds for them."

"And I swear," cried a harsh voice on the other side of the servant, "if you touch that dead woman or take from her the evidence which tells the story of her death, you shall answer first to the law, and then to me."

Sir Carlos stood face to face with Hiram West, his valet, the man who had watched in silence so long and now had captured his prey. They had reached the crowd, and the people made way for Sir Carlos, Hiram West, and Lady Carew.

What was it that was lying there on the grass, so stiff and stark, the face covered, the black hair dripping, one hand clutching something in a death grip? Sir Carlos reeled and fell to the ground like one dead.

In a few moments the Baronet was on his feet again and staggering towards the body. Hiram West stood before him with a shapeless bundle in his hand.

"A woman drowned!" said the valet in a loud voice. "I say, a woman murdered! And I, the only creature on earth who loved that dead woman, accuse Sir Carlos Carew of the murder! Let him deny it if he dare!"

"You are mad!" cried one of the bystanders contemptuously.

Lady Carew, with a look on her face from which the men shrank, tried to get nearer and raise the handkerchief from the dead woman's face; but they would not let her.

The loud clear voice went on—

"I loved the woman who lies murdered there, and I asked her to be my wife. She laughed at me because he"—pointing to Sir Carlos—"had been talking to her, and she had some hope of being Lady Carew. I did not care for her laughter, for I loved her with all my soul; but I warned her. I told her that I should watch over her, and that, if harm came to her, his life should pay for it; and, so help me Heaven, it shall! I accuse him of wilful murder! See—the police are coming; make way for them! I sent to Lynn Mavis for them when I first heard there was something wrong. I have known for ten days past that Sir Carlos Carew had had a struggle with a woman. I have the evidence here. Make way for the police. Let Superintendent Chapman come here to look at what I will show him."

Even then Sir Carlos remembered his mother; turned to look for her and drew her nearer to him. His arm thrown round her alone kept her from falling to the ground.

"Listen!" cried Hiram West. "I accuse Sir Carlos Carew of the wilful murder of Maggie Waldron! Here is my proof. Ten days ago, when the old house there was full of visitors, my master dressed to receive his guests. I helped him, and fastened diamond solitaires in his linen cuffs. Later on in the night he rang the bell of his dressing-room, and I answered it. I found him there, trembling in every limb. He asked me for brandy, and I gave it to him; then I saw that his coat had a rent in it, and that the white linen cuff had been torn from one of his shirt sleeves—had been torn right across, and was gone with the solitaire. He told me that he had been for a stroll in the park, that he had met a poacher and had had a struggle with him. But he would not listen when I offered to go and find the solitaire."

Hiram West unrolled the shapeless bundle and held up, so that every one could see it, a black coat with a rent in it. Then he held up a white sleeve from which the cuff had been torn.

"That is my evidence," he said. "Superintendent Chapman," he added, "force open the dead woman's hand and take from it what you find there."

The superintendent knelt down in the grass by the dead woman's side, and, amidst the breathless suspense of the bystanders, opened the cold hand and drew from it a torn cuff fastened with a diamond solitaire. Hiram West took it from him.

"You shall see," he said, "how thread fits thread."

He put the cuff in its place. It fitted exactly. A groan rose from the crowd.

"Every one who knows Sir Carew will recognize the solitaire found in the dead woman's hand; and, if there should be any doubt about it, look at the initials on the gold at the back—'C. C.' The same letters are on each diamond of the set."

No one spoke, but all eyes were turned upon the tall pale faced man who held the drooping figure of a woman in his arms.

Now when the necessity arose for it, the spirit of the Carews came back to Sir Carlos. He raised his head proudly, and the color rushed back to his face.

"Have you any more to say?" he asked Hiram West; and his tone was so full of contempt that many who had pronounced him guilty in their hearts wavered.

"I say this—I give Sir Carlos Carew in charge for wilful murder," was the reply. "I see a wedding-ring on the poor girl's finger. Heaven only knows whether she was a wife, or whose wife she was. Never mind; I have sworn to avenge her. Superintendent, will you replace in her hand what you took from it, and there let it remain until the jury have seen it? And now remove that man—the murderer! I will appear against him. I will bring him to his death as surely as he brought about hers!"

Two policemen went up to Sir Carlos and stood one on either side. Then the little crowd swayed and opened, and a beautiful girl passed through it, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and laid her hand on Sir Carlos' arm.

"It is all false, Carlos," she said passionately. "You have loved me, and I love you. Nothing will ever make me believe that you are guilty. I am proud to proclaim my love for you, my firm belief in your innocence." And the two fair women clung to him lovingly.

"I must do my duty, Sir Carlos," said the superintendent. "I must take you in charge."

"I am quite willing to go with you," replied the Baronet. "You need use no force. But let me speak to my mother for a few minutes before I go."

"I do not know whether I can let you do that," said the superintendent doubtfully.

"I shall not keep you long. You can stand at the door of the room. Do not think I have any fanciful notions of making my escape. I pledge you my word as a gentleman to go with you wherever you wish me to go; but let me see her for five minutes first."

After a few moments' hesitation, the superintendent gave his consent. Men were raising the stiff silent figure reverently; it was to be carried to Lynn Mavis to await the coroner's inquest. The crowd were slowly dispersing, but groups of weeping women and horror-stricken men still stood about. The Baroness had gone back to the house in unutterable dismay, but Lady Gladys kept near to Sir Carlos. The sighs and tears became loud bitter sobs and cries as the mournful procession consisting of the master of Firholme, with his three stern guardians, his mother, and the girl who loved him, passed within the portals of the house.

"You will drive into Lynn Mavis, I hope," said Sir Carlos to the superintendent. "You will not object to a closed carriage?"

"Any wish of yours on that point shall be carried out," replied the officer. He was still anxious and unsettled about the interview. "I have but little time to spare, Sir Carlos," he added.

The master of Firholme opened the door of the little ante-rooms that led to the drawing-room.

"I merely want to talk to my mother for a few minutes," he said. "Place one of your men outside that French window and stand at the door here yourself; then you will be satisfied that there will be no attempt at escape;" and the next minute mother and son were alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR WEAK SIGHTED PERSONS.—Persons having a tendency to weakness of sight, or those experiencing unusual fatigue of the eyes in reading or similar occupations requiring close vision, should carefully observe the following rules:—

(1) Cease to use the eyes for the time being, and look away from the work, when sight becomes in the least painful, blurred, or indistinct. After perfect rest for a moment or longer, work may be resumed, to be discontinued as before when the eyes feel again fatigued.

(2) See that the light is sufficient, and that it falls properly upon your work, and not upon the eyes. Never sit facing it. It is best that the light should fall upon the work from above and beyond. Failing this, it may fall from the side. Never use the eyes at twilight. Any artificial light for the evening is good if it is brilliant enough and steady, but of all lamps the argand lamp is to be recommended. It is the nearest approach to daylight. When artificial light is at all painful, it is safer to read or write only during the day.

(3) Never read in the railway car. It requires too great an exertion of the accommodative power to keep the eyes fixed on the letters.

(4) Never read when lying down. Many a tedious case of weak sight has been traced to the pernicious habit of reading in bed after retiring for the night.

(5) Do not read much during convalescence from illness. Before the muscular system generally has quite recovered its healthy tone, we ought not to expect the muscles of accommodation to bear the continuous use to which they are subjected in reading or writing.

(6) The general health should be maintained by a good diet, sufficient sleep, air, exercise, amusement, and a proper restriction of the hours of hard work. One ought not to expect strong eyes in a body weakened by bad habits or an injudicious amount of labor. Bright gas lights in crowded rooms, and the impurity of the air in such places, are especially to be avoided. Medical advice should be sought in regard to any nervous debility, disorder of the organs of digestion, or functional disturbances of a general nature, whether they appear to have a direct connection with the weakness of sight or not.

(7) Take plenty of sleep. It is a sovereign balm for those who suffer from weak sight. Retire early, and avoid the painful evening lights. Ten hours' sleep for delicate eyes is better than eight.

MONKEY CAPTURING.—Monkeys are frequently captured in nooses and in traps built in the shape of houses. The only entrance is a trap door in the roof, which communicates with a trigger set upon the ground.

Food is spread about inside, the monkeys enter, and, skirmishing around, disturb the trigger, and the trap shuts them in.

Another method for catching them is a most ludicrous one. An old hard cocoanut is taken, and a very small hole made in the shell. Furnished with this and a pocketful of boiled rice, the sportsman sallies into the forest, and stops beneath a tree tenanted by monkeys.

Within full sight of these inquisitive spectators, he first eats a little rice, and then puts a quantity into the cocoa-nut, with all the ostentation possible. The nut is then laid upon the ground, and the hunter retires to a convenient ambush.

No sooner is the man out of sight than the monkeys race helter-skelter for the cocoa-nut. The first arrival peeps into it, and, seeing the plentiful store of rich rice inside, squeezes his hand in through the tiny hole and clutches a handful.

Now so paramount is greed over every other feeling connected with monkey nature that nothing will induce the creature to relinquish his hold.

With his hand thus clasped, he cannot possibly extract it, but the thought that, if he leaves go, one of his brethren will obtain the feast is overpowering. The sportsman soon appears upon the scene.

The unencumbered monkeys fly in all directions, but the unfortunate brute who still will not let the rice go is thereby handicapped beyond hope with a cocoanut as large as himself—a state of affairs quite fatal to rapid locomotion, either terrestrial or arboreal.

The sequel is that he falls an easy capture to the hunter, a victim to his own greed. Even when caught, he reads in the actions of his captor a design to rob him of his rice, and he clutches it all the harder; and the very first thing he does, when the nut is cracked and the hand released, is to cram its contents into his mouth. Thoughts of escape come afterwards.

CECIL'S BEAR PROSPERITY.—There was a singular illustration of this in the New York Police Court the other day.

A good for nothing-looking wretch was brought up, charged with drunkenness. It was a clear case. The testimony showed that he had been "on a spree" for a week.

He was asked what he had to say for himself.

"Well, yer honor," said he, "me and my old woman never did live easy together."

"That's no excuse for your getting drunk," said the Court.

"You're right, your honor, and so it ain't. We used to fight like cat and dog together."

"Drinking only made it worse," put in the Court.

"That's true. She discouraged the life out of me, and kept me poor, until last week, when——"

"Well, what did she do last week?"

"She died, yer honor."

"And you have been drunk ever since?"

"Yes, yer honor; I never could bear prosperity."

## Bric-a-Brac.

HIS NAME.—According to French superstition, a young lady who wishes to know the name of her future husband must, on coming from midnight mass on Christmas eve, give an alms to the first male beggar she meets and ask him his christian name. Her future husband will bear the same name.

THE BITTER END.—"To the bitter end" is a phrase of nautical origin. Admiral Smyth's "Sailor's Word-Book" says that the "'bitter end' is that part of the cable which is abaft the bitts, and therefore within board when the ship rides at anchor. And, when a chain or rope is paid out to the bitter end, no more remains to be let go."

"WE."—Kant discusses the question why kings say "we" in lieu of "I," and traces the cause to egotism, condescension, and feudalism. Coleridge, on the other hand, says it is rather a relic of democracy, retained by the policy of Augustus, who, merging in one the most important magistracies, would be addressed not as a person but as a proxy of the majority, "We," that is the Tribunes, the Pontiff, and the Senate.

A BORE.—When the tide moves in all at once from the ocean, the phenomenon is called a "bore." The most perfect examples are said to be found at the mouths of the rivers Amazon, Hooghly, and Tsientang, in China. In the case of the last-mentioned river, the wave plunges on like an advancing cataract four or five miles in breadth and thirty feet high, and thus passes up the stream to a distance of eight miles at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The change from ebb to flood tide is almost instantaneous.

INSTEAD OF A MOUSTACHE CUP.—The Ainu of Japan are the hairiest of human beings. The men, having all great beards and long heavy mous aches, find it very troublesome to take a drink. Therefore they use what may be called a moustache-lifter. This is a stick of wood some five inches long, shaped not unlike a paper knife. Before an Ainu drinks he generally waves this lifter half a dozen times in the air with his right hand, dipping the point each time into the liquid. Then bending forwards, he raises his moustache with the stick and (as a rule) drains the bowl at a draught.

GLASS HOUSES.—The saying "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," dates back to the Union of England and Scotland, at which time London was inundated with Scotchmen. This did not please the Duke of Buckingham, who organized a movement against them, and parties formed who went about nightly to break their windows. In retaliation a party of Scotchmen smashed the windows of the duke's mansion, which stood in Martin's Fields, and had so many windows that it went by the name of the Glass. The duke appealed to the king, who replied, "Sloonie, Sloonie, those what live in glass houses should to careful how they fling stanes."

ST. RAPHAEL'S CHURCH.—In connection with the Church of St Raphael, where the marriage between Helene de France and the Duke Aosta took place, there is a story not generally known. It was built with the money of a converted Jew named Raphael. Just after the building was completed Raphael had a dream that he would die within a week after the consecration of the place of worship. As a matter of course he endeavored to delay the consecration by fair and unfair means, until a priest, with the help of a licensed victualer from the neighborhood, who procured a bottle of absolutely pure wine, consecrated the edifice. Then he told Raphael, who took to his bed and died three days afterward.

IN THE DAYS BEFORE SUGAR.—Once upon a time when there was no such thing as sugar—lovers of lollipops, only think of it!—bees were of much greater value than they are now. For honey was then the chief, if not the only, sweetener, and wax was largely used in the making of very fine candles, for altars and royal banquets. Some of the laws of old Ireland so green, and of gallant little Wales, dealt with the subject of bees, which shows how important as well as industrious were those busy insects. Every owner of bees was required to distribute some of his honey amongst his neighbors every third year. Why? Because his bees had gathered their honey from the opening flowers on his neighbors' lands. There was a nice sense of justice for you! And some there are that would like to see it applied all round even in the present day.

### TO ONE IN SORROW.

BY S. J.

Cease thy complainings, couldst thou know
The purpose of these hidden ways,
How many flowers about thee grow,
To cheer thee when thine hope lies low,
Thy heart would sing more thankful lays.

The human heart must break or bow,
Since sorrow stirs in all beings;
The blossoms that are falling now
In Youth from Life's o'er-clustered bough
Will make the after fruit more strong.

And great the lesson we have learned
When tearful eyes are fixed above,
And from the world our hearts are turned
By seeing that for which they yearned
With passion strong of human love.

# LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(CONTINUED.)

THE mare sniffed at her inquiringly, then put its velvety nose into her hand, and said, as plainly as a horse can speak—

"I like the look of you, my dear; let us be friends!"

"That is one of my father's favorites," said Lord St. John, stroking the mare's neck, and so almost touching Nance's white, ungloved hand. "She is very affectionate and faithful, and as reliable as a bishop. She is a perfect lady's horse; one of my cousins used to ride her. I wonder, Miss Harwood, if—if"—he faltered in his earnestness—"if you would like to learn to ride? If so, and you would let me, I should be glad to teach you. I am reckoned rather good in the saddle—notwithstanding my limp. I won the county steeplechase," he added, simply and quite unvauntingly, as if he were just offering her evidence of his capacity for teaching. "It is the best of all forms of exercise, and—and I will take every care of you, indeed I will!"

Nance scarcely hesitated, but accepted at once.

"I am afraid I shall give you a great deal of trouble," she said, simply. "I shall probably fall off."

The rare smile and the success of his little plan set his heart beating wildly.

"Not off Polly," he said. "She wouldn't permit you. Shall we go tomorrow? Yes! I will come for you at eleven. Will that be too early?"

"Very well," said Nance. "But you must promise to tell me if I am too much trouble."

"I make that promise most solemnly," he responded.

They went back to the house through a shrubbery, which wound in and out maze fashion, and so gave him more of her society than if they had gone straight across the lawn. He tried to talk—to play the host, and amuse her; but love held him spellbound, and silenced his generally ready tongue.

He was in Paradise while she was by his side; but his joy was dashed by the thought that in a short time she would be gone from him. It was only the prospect of tomorrow that sustained him, and enabled him to talk at all.

When they regained the house they found the countess with the tea table before her.

And strange to relate, the earl was with the ladies, for he seldom put in an appearance in the drawing room at that hour.

"Miss Harwood has been with me to the stables, sir," said Lord St. John.

Lord Lisle shook his head.

"Scarcely fair," St. John, he said. "I wanted to take Miss Harwood to the home farm to see the pigs. I hope you like pigs, Miss Harwood? They are the only really satisfactory members of the four-footed order. You must promise to come and see mine at your next visit."

"Do nothing of the kind," said the countess. "You will be bored to death; besides, once he has got you as far as the pigs——"

"My father will lure you on to the cows, and from the cows to the sheep, and from the sheep to the turkeys," put in St. John. "We know your wicked ways, sir, and feel it our duty to warn Miss Harwood."

There was a flush on his face; he had got as near to Nance as he could—was holding her bread-and-butter plate, looking down at her as if she were a queen, or a goddess, and he her slave or devotee. His father and mother exchanged significant glances. But Nance looked—as, indeed, she was—quite innocent and unconscious of the young Lord's attention; even when he persuaded her to go with him into the hall to see some rare antiquities, chins, chain armor, ancient weapons, she did not suspect, and rose and accompanied him, inspecting the curios, and listening to his almost whispered information respecting them with simple, childlike interest.

She looked so child-like, so innocent, indeed, that St. John almost despaired. How should he ever dare approach this sweet, virginal, heavenly creature in the guise of mortal woman with words of love? How dared he, a mere man, to love her?

The countess and the earl were kind, unaffectedly kind, to the last, and when they were alone—St. John having gone to put the two ladies into the jingle to snatch another chance of touching Nance's hand, of looking into her eyes, and saying, sighing another good bye—the countess said—

"Well?"

"Well, you were right," he responded. "She is as perfect as she can be. Poor St. John! He is quite hopelessly smitten! And, upon my word, Agnes, I am not surprised. There is something in addition to her beauty—and she is as lovely as a painter's dream."

The countess shrugged her shoulders.

"You need not rave about her, Talbot," she said. "She is a very nice girl; I admit that, but—but——"

St. John came in before she could finish.

"Miss Harwood has kindly promised to let me try and teach her to ride," he said. "We go for our first lesson to-morrow. Polly will be the best mount for her, will she not, sir?"

The earl smiled, the countess stared.

"Do you mean that you and Miss Harwood are going alone, St. John?" she asked, with not unnatural surprise.

"No, mother, there will be the grooms," he said.

"The grooms? I never heard of such a thing!" she said. "I had better send for Ermyntrude." She was one of the cousins who lived with her parents at a reasonable distance.

"No thanks, mother," he said with his gentle firmness. "Why should you? Miss Harwood will not allow me to run away with her."

"Worse luck," put in the earl drily.

St. John turned to him with almost a girlish blush.

"Is she not beautiful, sir?" he said.

"Not if I know it, St. John," retorted the earl, making for the door. "Not in my department; discuss it with your mother!" And, man-like, he bolted.

When St. John saw Nance the next morning standing on the steps in the habit which Lady Deckitt, with commendable foresight, had made for her before she left London, he thought that, if possible, she looked more beautiful in the very close-fitting black cloth than she had done in in the dove-colored dress; but what struck him even more than her grace and beauty was her complete unconsciousness of them.

She received him with a sweet gravity and serene self-possession, and they started as free from embarrassment as if they were boy and girl, brother and sister.

And soon St. John experienced another surprise, for the delicately beautiful girl, who looked as fragile as a rare piece of china, seemed without fear.

As a rule a lady is apt to display some nervousness during her first lessons in equitation; but Nance did not show a tremor, and as they rode on through the lanes and over the commons, St. John's love for her and pride in her grew and swelled in his bosom.

"You will learn in no time!" he said. "I never knew anyone so—so fearless, so free from nervousness. All my cousins were frightened to death when they ventured for the first time; but you——"

His admiration was too great for expression.

Nance smiled.

"I am not very frightened," she said. "The horse seems so quiet and friendly, and," naively, "it is not so very far to fall after all."

"Fall!" he exclaimed. "You won't fall! In a week I will undertake that you shall ride really well; that is"—glancing at her eagerly—"if you can come out every day."

"Oh, yes," said Nance, placidly and unsuspectingly; "I have very little to do, and I shall like it; it is delightful! Shall we canter again? But can you spare the time?"

"Oh, yes," he said, with prompt assurance, "I have absolutely nothing to do; and—well, you see it will be conferring a favor upon me, because if I hadn't some inducement I shouldn't ride, and—yes, we'll canter again; but put your hand on the front of the saddle. It's all very well to joke about your falling off, but if you did I—I should never forgive myself!"

"That would be rather unjust," Nance said, "because you cannot very well hold me on all the time."

They rode every day, and every day St. John declined the offer which the countess made of Cousin Ermyntrude's company.

"Let me alone, mother," he said almost sadly. "I am happy; let me be while it lasts."

The countess looked at him inquiringly.

"Do you mean—do you think——"

He knew what she meant.

"I mean that she does not know, does not guess how I feel," he said, with a mixture of bitterness and melancholy. "She is as innocent as a child, as—as frank as a sister. Yes, that is just it. I might be her brother. Just her brother. She treats me with perfect frankness. When I come she gives me her hand and smiles at me, but—but there is no blush on her face, her eyes meet mine without a waver. It is I who change color, I who can scarcely speak, who can scarcely lift my eyes to her face lest she should see how I love her."

The countess laid her hand on his head; he had sunk into the seat beside her, and leant his head on his hands.

"Have patience St. John," she said. "Remember that she has scarcely known you more than a week."

"Is that all?" he said. "It seems a year. Mother, if I do not win her—if she will not love me——" he said, his face grown haggard.

"Be patient," said the countess again, "and—and even if—if you cannot get what you want well, St. John, you will not forget that you are a Lisle, and that Lisles are not given to wearing the willow, or going about with their hearts on their sleeves for daws to peck at."

"I cannot understand it," she said, later in the day to the earl. "Innocent and unworldly as the girl seems, she cannot be ignorant of the fact that a marriage with St. John would be an excellent thing for her."

The earl was silent a moment.

"It seems to me, Agnes," he said, "that St. John has found that rara avis, a girl who is insensible to the advantages of a good parti. She ought to be caught and put in a museum."

Incredible as it seemed, not only to the earl and countess, but to Lady Deckitt, Nance was quite unsuspicious and unconscious.

She had done with love. It seemed to her that in some way everyone who saw her, though ignorant of her terrible past, must see that she was not as other women, and that love and marriage were not for her.

In her own eyes she was as one apart from the rest of womankind, as far removed from love as if she had entered a nunnery, or—terrible thought—were infected with moral leprosy.

She liked St. John. His friendship—she never for a moment suspected anything warmer—was very welcome to her. She talked more freely to him than even to Lady Deckitt; and when she did not talk could ride or walk beside him in a silence that was perfectly serene and unembarrassed. She did not know that, when he was near her, every fibre of his body called aloud for her, that his heart ached with longing for her; and that when he was away from her his waking times were spent in thinking of her, his sleeping ones in dreams in which she was always the central figure.

He grew pale, at times he was excited, fluent; at others silent and gloomy, but always her slave, and attentive to her lightest wish. But she did not notice their moods. She liked him as a brother—a friend; nothing more.

He was with her a great deal. When they were not riding he found some excuse for coming up to the Hall. Nearly every day he was in the drawing room at tea-time—sometimes with a book to lend her, sometimes coming to borrow one. When the weather was fine he would entice her on to the terrace or into the garden; would fetch her fan and jacket from their hook in the hall; would carry her sunshade or book; hang upon her smile, her lightest word. When it was wet he would seat himself at her feet and read to her, or would gaze at the fire listening to her soft, regular breathing, as if it were the music of the spheres.

But all the time his heart was consuming with a high-minded man's love, which burns and burns, pure as the flame may be.

One afternoon they were sitting thus, Nance, by chance, wore the dove-colored dress which he loved better than any other of hers. She sat with her hands clasped on her lap, her eyes fixed on the fire.

She was thinking of Bernard! If St. John could only have known! And she started slightly when he said—

"Shall we go for our ride to-morrow? It will be fine, I think; the glass is going up."

"To-morrow? Yes. Oh, but I forgot! We are going up to London."

"To London?" He looked at her with as much dismay as if she had said she was going to Timbuctoo.

"Yes." She had not looked at him, or the change in his face must have startled her. "Lady Deckitt has been wanting to go for some time past. She says that we want some more dresses. I am sure I don't know why. I seem to have more than I can wear already."

"When—when are you coming back?" he asked, in a voice he tried to keep steady. To lose her for even a day was almost undendurable.

"I don't know," said Nance; "in a week or two, I suppose. You must feel quite glad to be relieved of your responsibility. If ever riding master deserved a holiday you do, Lord St. John.

It was more than he could bear.

"Miss Harwood—Christine!" broke from him, and he caught at her hand, and held it in both his, his face turned up to hers.

Nance started. She was too startled to withdraw her hand, and her eyes, wide open and innocent, gazed down upon him.

"Christine, don't you know?" he panted. "You must know! I love you! I love you! I cannot bear to lose you for a single day. I cannot, I cannot! I love you! Oh, speak to me!" For, her face now as white as his own, she looked at him with a slowly gathering horror in her eyes. "Speak to me! Why do you—you look at me like this? Are you so angry, so—so shocked? I cannot help it! I love you! I can hide it no longer! I must tell you! Speak to me!"

She drew her hand from his grasp, and, rising, shrank, actually shrank from him, putting out her hands as if to keep him from her.

He rose and drew nearer, his eyes meeting with love's prayer, his lips quivering.

"Don't—don't touch me!" she gasped. "Don't—don't say another word. No, no!" For, disobeying her, he sought to take her hands again; she clasped them above her head with a gesture of tragic despair.

"Christine!" he cried. "What does it mean? Why do you shrink from me as if—as if you hated me, as if I were a leper! For Heaven's sake tell me!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NANCE stood with her hands clasped, beyond St. John's reach, above her head, the look of horror in her eyes, as if incapable of speech.

"Christine!" he pleaded, "what is it? Are you angry because I love you? I cannot help it. I have loved you ever since the day we met. My heart went out to you even then. All my life since has been one thought of you, one longing for you! You are all the world to me, all that is good and beautiful and worth living for, Christine. I cannot live without you, I cannot. To lose you, even for a day, is an agony to me. Ah, do not be angry with me, do not shrink from me. No one could love you better than I do! No one!"

Still she was silent, her breath coming slowly, painfully.

"Is it—is it because—"—his voice grew very low and faltered—"because I am lame?" He clasped his hands eagerly. "I am not a cripple. I shall get better—stronger; I do get better every day. My love for you has helped to strengthen me, is it because of that?"

She made a gesture of denial, but still stood regarding him with the expression of horror and dread in her eyes.

"What is it, then?" he asked, imploringly. "Is it because—because you do not love me? Perhaps that is it," he went on after a moment's pause; "but—but you would not shrink from me, you would not look at me as you do if it were only that. You do not positively hate me, Christine?"

"No," she said at last, and her voice came painfully. "I—I do not hate you, no—no! But—but I do not love you!"

Something like hope shone in his earnest eyes.

"Thank God that you do not hate me!" he said. "But—but if you do not love me

now—and I did not expect, ask for that, Christine—why should I dare to ask so much and so soon?—but I may be able to win your love, you may learn to care for me! Such love as mine must conquer in time—if you do not quite dislike me! Give me time, let me try and soften your heart. Let me try and show you how deeply, how truly I love you, and want you. If you will do that—if you will let me be near you as I have been, I shall not despair of winning you. Let me try, Christine; and—and I shall hope even yet to win you for my wife."

"Oh, no, no! Never, never!" she breathed. "Lord St. John, it never could be. I cannot be your wife."

His face went white—the flush of hope died out of it—and he hung his head.

"But why?" he pleaded. "You are not like some women, hard and cold-hearted. Every day I have seen how tender-hearted and loving you can be to the poor, to the children. You can love them, Christine; will you not try and spare a little love for me?"

With her head turned away from his ardent, imploring eyes, she sought for some answer which should serve for once and for all—which should show him that no hope was possible.

"The poor, the children——" she faltered, "they are different. Lord St. John, you—you forget who I am. That I am not a fit wife for you."

"You—not fit?" he exclaimed.

"No," she went on. "You are a nobleman, you are the son of a great earl; I am only Christine Harwood. You know, in your heart, your people must have told you, if they know that you—you care for me—that you ought not to ask me to be your wife—that I am beneath you in rank, in birth——"

"What is that you are saying?" he cried in a pained voice. "You do not believe in the words you speak. They are words—words only. You know that you are worthy to be the wife of any man, even though he were a prince, a king!"

"No, no!" she almost moaned, and her hands wreathed. "I am not worthy, Lord St. John; you know nothing about me, about—about my past life."

Her voice almost died away.

He looked at her as if he did not understand.

"Not know you?" he said. "To love anyone as I love you, Christine, is to have a fuller knowledge of them than one, who does not love, could acquire in a lifetime. As to your past life"—he made a gesture of indifference, as if the matter were not worth discussing—"what could there be in it of which you should be ashamed? But I think I know what you mean."

She looked at him half fearfully, and her breath came fast.

"You may mean that you have not always been as rich as you are now."

"Yes," she said softly, "I was not. I was poor, very poor—once."

"Christine!" he murmured, "and do you think that I should think less of you, love you less, because of that fact? Poor or rich you are, have always been, the sweetest, purest——"

She shrank still farther away from him.

The old love—that bitter-sweet time at Myrtle Cottage—came back upon her. If he could only know how far from pure she was, would he not shrink from her?

He saw her painful gesture of denial, but paid no heed to it.

"——Always the sweetest and purest type of womanhood. Christine, if—if the past is painful to you, why should you dwell on it—why should you think of it at all? I do not, will not. Let us date our lives from to-day. I date mine so. I have not lived until I met you and learnt to love you. Dearest, do not be hard with me, let me try and win your love."

He sank on his knees in front of her and sought to take her hands, but as she held them from him he touched her dress, and passionately put his lips to it.

Nance's heart ached with pity—pity for herself as well as for him; but mostly for him. He was to her, as he had said she was to him, the type of all that was noble, and pure, and unselfish. If—if the past had not been; if she could only have been all he deemed her! But the terrible significance of that "if!" He looked at her, waiting for, praying for her answer. Something in her face, in her eyes, alarmed him, and struck to his heart like a sudden chill.

"Christine!" he said in a low whisper. "Is—is there anyone else?"

She turned her eyes away.

He did not speak, but his heart sank.

"There is!" he said hoarsely. "Tell me—can you tell me who it is? I have no right to ask, I know. I know that there can be no hope for me now. But—but tell me, Christine!"

"I cannot," she breathed.

He was silent for a moment. It was evident that he was fighting for self-command. "Is—is it anyone I know?" he asked.

"No."

"No?" He thought deeply. "Then—then you have not seen him recently; not since you have been here! It is a long time. He must be——" He paused, then, as if he could not restrain himself, he went on, "he must be cold-hearted—he cannot love you as—as I do! I could not stay away from your side. Ah!" he broke out, "you have parted from him! He was not worthy of your love! Is that it, Christine?"

Nance covered her face with her hands.

St. John's face flushed feverishly.

"Is that the truth? Yes; your silence tells me so. Then—then, Christine, I have not lost you altogether. He—this other—must be unworthy of you. He must; he must! I do not care who he is. Forgot him, dearest—dearest!"

"I cannot. You do not know what you ask," broke from her parted lips. "You do not know; cannot guess. Oh, go, Lord St. John; go now! I—I cannot bear any more! I cannot stand your goodness. I am all unworthy of your love. God knows, I would take it if I dared; but I dare not! I can never be your wife. Go now." Her voice was piteous in its entreaty. "Go away, and do not see me again. Forget that you ever saw me; forget——"

Her voice was choked by a sob that seemed to rend her heart.

St. John rose and stood beside her. His all-absorbing love shone in his eyes and in his face with the dignity and nobility which come to a man who has learnt the great lesson—to suffer and be strong.

"Yes, I will go now," he said in a low voice; "but not for ever. You must not send me away for ever, Christine. That would be too great a punishment for having dared to love you. You must let me be your friend still; you must let me come and see you as I have done. Do not be afraid," he went on, gently, as she shook her head. "I—I shall not harass you. I will not, if I can help it, even remind you, by word or look, of what has passed between us this morning. I will try, and I shall succeed, to hide the love I bear you. But"—his voice grew deeper—"I will not promise to forget it; nor will I promise to give up all hope. There is something, some mystery, in your past life—something in which some other man is bound up—which divides us. But it may—oh, heaven! I pray that it may"—his voice rung in fervent supplication—"be removed. Yes"—he looked at her with a passionate hope and confidence burning in his eloquent eyes—"I think, I believe, that the time will come when I may again tell you that I love you, and that then you will not send me from you, but will turn to me. I can wait until that hour, the great hour of my life, comes. Until then, Christine, I will be content to be your friend—to be near to you, and silent."

His voice died away. He held out his hand. Nance raised her eyes and looked at him, then put her hand in his. He bent to kiss it, but checked himself almost as his lips touched it, and left her.

Nance threw herself upon the sofa, and hid her face in the cushions. No tears would come, but her heart ached all the more for her incapacity, to shed them. Pity, remorse, stirred in all her veins. If she had only known, guessed, whither they had been drifting! All unknowingly, in perfect innocence, she had been cruel, cruel! She knew how he must suffer, would suffer; for had she not herself loved, and did she not still suffer?

"Oh, poor St. John—poor St. John!" she moaned. "I wish that I were dead!"

St. John rode home slowly.

As he passed along the corridor to his own room, the countess, who was writing letters in her boudoir, heard his footsteps and called to him.

"Is that you, St. John?"

He hesitated a moment, then entered.

She looked round and started.

"Why, what is the matter? Has anything happened? Where have you been?" And she glanced at his cord riding-suit.

"To the Hall, mother," he said.

His voice rang with a new note, a tone of manly dignity which was quite new to her, as new as the worn, haggard look in his face and in his eyes.

"To—to the Hall?" she said. "Did you see Miss Harwood?"

"Yes," he said. Then he went straight to the point. "I have asked her to be my wife."

The countess winced.

"Yes? Well, St. John, you know that your happiness is my, and your father's, first consideration. We have only you. But—but Miss Harwood—we know very little about her. She is a charming girl. Oh, yes, I grant that! But—but still, you are the next earl, and—and——"

He smiled, and the smile was sadder and more grim than any sarcastic "Radical" retort could have been.

"Christine has refused me, mother."

The countess was almost guilty of jumping from her chair. Amazement sat on every feature.

"Refused you? You?" she exclaimed in a suppressed voice of astonishment, not unmixed with indignation.

A mere nobody, daughter of a "money lender," refuse the heir and hope of the Lisles! It seemed incredible.

"Yes," he said, "she has refused me."

"But—but why?" she demanded, not unreasonably.

That any girl should refuse her son seemed simply incredible. The girl must be mad.

"She does not care for me," he said. "That appears past belief to you, mother," with a sad smile, "but it is true. But I do not want to talk of it, even to you. I have still some hope, thank heaven! And I must be patient."

"She must be mad!" exclaimed the countess.

St. John smiled again, more sadly than before.

"Ah, mother," he said gently, "you set too high a value on rank and position. You forget that some women can be indifferent to both. Christine is one of them. I cannot talk of it. I must go away for a time."

"Yes, yes," assented the countess, eagerly.

"No. I shall not forget her, mother," he said, as if he read her mind. "No man who ever loved her really truly," he added, as he remembered that other man whom Christine had spoken of, "could ever forget her. But I do not want to seem to harass her. I will go away for a few days—a week or two, if I can stay away so long," he added, with a smile. "Don't tell my father. He is very kind, but—but, well, he is not you."

The countess was pale with amazement, and—it must be written—indignation.

"I will see Miss Harwood," she said.

He laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Do not," he said, and his voice was almost stern. "I am grateful to you, mother; I know what you would try and do, but you would only make matters worse. If you went to her to plead for me, or to—to remonstrate, it would only widen the gulf between us. I want to bridge it. Leave her alone! Great heaven!" his voice rose, and his eyes shone, "do you think that I have only to throw my handkerchief as if I were a Sultan, and she a slave! You are wrong, wrong! The highest in the land cannot touch her for pride, gentle and humble though she be!"

The countess bit her lip.

"I wish she had never come here," she said.

"And I am glad, glad," he said. "Yes, whether I win or lose her, I shall feel to the day of my death that I am glad, glad to have known her, to have loved her!"

He went straight to his room and packed up, and in two hours had started for London. He did not forget that Nance was going there on the morrow, be sure.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

ST. JOHN was a member of the Corinthian, and, the morning after her arrival in town, he walked down to that palatial club. It was the forenoon, rather early for visitors, and St. John had the magnificent reading-room all to himself. He lit a cigarette and took up a society paper, and almost the first paragraph he lit upon was that announcing the engagement between Mr. Bernard Yorke and Miss Damerel. The writer was gracefully congratulatory, and delicately alluded to the beauty of the lady and the popularity of "Bernie" Yorke. A word was said also in reference to Miss Damerel's wealth.

St. John was pleased. He had always regarded Bernard as a hero and Admirable Crichton, and rejoiced in his happiness; but he could not help sighing as he wished that he could read some such paragraph announcing his own betrothal to Christine.

Presently two or three men came in. They all knew St. John, and welcomed him with the fashionable affectation of coolness which is made to conceal genuine warmth.

"Don't often patronize the 'little village,' St. John," remarked one. "You look a little off color. You should come up oftener. Dreadful unhealthy place, the country—so wearing for the nerves. Nothing like a steady, regular London life."

"Yes," drawled the wit of the club. "In London it's early to bed and early to rise, and that's why we're all so healthy, wealthy, and wise. We none of us go to bed later than two or three, or get up till after one. Early hours, you see. And we're as regular, in our bad habits, as clockwork."

St. John smiled.

"I don't know how you fellows do it," he said. "It would kill me in a month."

"It takes a deal of practice, as the comic song says," admitted the wit.

"I was just reading the announcement of Bernard Yorke's engagement," said St. John, holding up the paper.

"Oh, yes, poor old Bernie! He's caught. There's a warning for you, my child!" The speaker was, perhaps, only a year older than St. John, though he looked ten. "There's an instance of a good man gone wrong. There ought to be a law prohibiting matrimony until a man's—say, sixty."

"I suppose Bernie's very happy?" said St. John almost to himself.

There was a moment's silence, and the men exchanged glances.

"Happy—hem! Well, I suppose so; can't say he looks it, though. But, of course, he's had a nasty cropper lately. Beastly long illness for one thing, and stone-broke for another. Can't expect a man to look very chirpy in the face of a double knock-down like that."

"But—but he's well again now," said St. John. "And——"—he hesitated delicately—"the paper says Miss Damerel is very rich, or hints at it. Is she?"

"Rolling in money," replied the wit sententiously. "Got all old Lady Winshire's, don't you know. There is plenty of oof."

"Of what?" asked St. John, who was not quite up in the most recent slang.

The men laughed.

"Have some regard for the child's innocence," said one. "Oof, my dear St. John, is Greek for 'spondulicks,' otherwise 'stamps,' alias money."

"I see," said St. John smiling. "Well, then, Bernard Yorke's losses will not matter."

"That's exactly what we tell him," remarked another man in an injured tone. "But he has insisted upon selling off everything—his dog-cart, and horses, and yacht, and has resigned most of his clubs. It was only by downright bullying that we prevented him taking his name off here."

"Poor old Bernie!" murmured another, with a sigh. "What a thing luck is, isn't it? You'd better be born lucky than rich any day."

"Well, I should consider myself lucky enough if I were in his shoes," retorted a fourth. "I should say, if you ask me, that any one of us would think himself fortunate enough if he were going to marry the divine Felicia."

St. John winced. He did not like to hear a lady spoken of in a club, and it jarred upon him that Bernard Yorke's affianced should be alluded to by her christian name.

"I think I will look Yorke up," he said, rising. "Where is he?"

"At the old diggings—St. James'-street," he was told, and he walked down there.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHILDREN'S BIRTHDAYS.—A treat which has not yet become general, but which is strongly recommended to parents as something new and surprising, is to let the hero or heroine of a birthday order his or her dinner. The result will, as a rule, be much less extravagant and less indigestible than might be supposed. One little girl always orders mince-veal and plum pudding; another's hobby is fowl and rice and apple-fritters, and she was recently heard to declare that she would never, as long as she lived, invent anything nicer for her birthday. Perhaps with boys the experiment might be more dangerous. They are liable to overeat themselves, and then the glories of the birthday would turn to dust in their mouth. Still, as an additional morsel of enjoyment, as another proof of how entirely the birthday child is master of the situation on that one day, a trial should be made. Days of unalloyed pleasure are few indeed, and, as years roll on, they become yet fewer. So let the children have theirs, at least on their birthdays, as long as they can.

OLD GENTLEMAN: "You say your father lingered a long while, and died a sudden death. What do you mean by that?" Tramp: "Well, the Vigilance Committee told him to leave town in an hour, but he lingered for a day."

### WILD FLOWERS.

BY E. W.

Oh, beautiful blossoms, pure and sweet,
As you with dew from the country ways,
To me, at work in a city street,
You bring fair visions of bygone days—
Glad days, when I lay in a mist of green
To watch spring's delicate buds unfold;
And all the riches I cared to glean
Were daisy silver and buttercup gold.

I close my eyes on the crowded street,
I shut my ears to the city's roar,
And am out in the open with flying feet—
Off, off to your emerald haunts once more!
But the harsh wheels grate on the stones below,
And a sparrow chirps at the murky pane
And my bright dreams fade in an overflow
Of passionate longing and tender pain.

## The Diamond Stair.

BY J. P. R.

ON a fine summer night, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, the day and year are immaterial, Clarence Landon, a handsome and high spirited young Englishman, who had been passing some time in the south of Spain, was standing on the banks of the Guadalquiver, in the environs of the ancient city of Valencia, watching with anxious eyes the fading sail of a small felucca, just visible in the golden rays of the rising moon, as catching a breath of the freshening western breeze they bore the light craft upon the blue bosom of the Mediterranean. Though the scene was one of surpassing beauty, though the air was balmy, and came to his brow laden with the fragrance of the orange, the myrtle and the rose, the expression of the young man's face was melancholy in the extreme.

"Too late!" he muttered to himself; "too late. After venturing so much for them, it is hard that I should have been baffled in my attempt to escape with them. However, they are safe and happy. If this breeze holds, they will soon pass Cape St. Martin. Dear Estella, how I value this pledge of your friendship and gratitude!"

And the young man, after raising to his lips a small diamond star, attached to a golden chain, deposited the trinket in his bosom, and then, with a parting glance at the distant vessel, turned homewards, in the direction of the city; but, absorbed in his own reflections, he did not notice that his footsteps were dogged by a tall figure, muffled in a black cost, who followed him in the moonlight like his shadow, and left him only when he entered his lodgings.

Landon spent some time in his room, in reading and arranging letters and papers, when the clock of the neighboring cathedral sounded the hour of eleven, threw himself upon his bed without undressing, and was soon asleep. From a disturbed and unrefreshing slumber, crowded with vexatious visions, he was suddenly and rudely roused by a rough hand upon his shoulder. He started upright in bed, and gazed around him with astonishment. His chamber was filled by half a dozen sinister-looking men robed entirely in black, in whom he recognized, not without a shudder, the dreaded familiars of the holy office, the officials of the Inquisition.

His first impulse was to grope for his arms; but his sword and pistol had been removed. A rough voice bade him arise and follow, and he had no choice but to obey the mandate. Preceded and followed by the familiars, who were all armed, as he judged by the clash of steel that attended each footstep, though no weapons were apparent, he descended to a staircase, came out upon the street, and was conducted through many a winding lane and passage to a low browed arch, which opened into the basement story of a huge, embattled building, that rose like a fortress before him. The conductor of the band halted here, and knocking thrice upon an oaken door studded with iron nails, it was opened silently, and the party entered a dark subterranean passage of stone, lighted only by a smoky cresset lamp swinging in a recess.

After passing through this corridor Landon was conducted into a vaulted hall, dimly illuminated by the branches of an iron chandelier, by the light of which he discovered in front of him a raised platform, on which were seated three men robed in black, while before them, at a table sat two others similarly attired, with writing materials before them.

On the platform was planted a huge banner, the blazon on the folds of which was a wooden cross, flanked by a branch of olive and a naked sword, the motto being, "Rise, Lord, and judge thy cause." It wanted neither this formidable standard, nor the implements of torture scattered round, to convince the young Englishman that he stood in the halls of the Inquisition.

After being permitted to stand some time before the judges, that his mind might be impressed with the terrors of the place, the principal inquisitor addressed him, demanding his name.

"Clarence Landon," was the reply.

"Your birthplace?"

"London, England."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-five years."

"Occupation?"

"I am a gentleman of fortune, with no pursuit but that of knowledge and pleasure."

"You are accused," said the judge, "of having aided and abetted a countryman of yours, named Walter Hamilton, in seducing and carrying off Estella Martinez, a lady of a noble house, and a sister of St. Ursula. How say you, guilty or not guilty?"

"I am not guilty," he replied. "I am not capable of the infamy with which you charge me."

"He refuses to confess," said the judge, turning to a familiar, the sworn tormentor. "We must try the question. Sanchez—is the rack ready?"

The man addressed was a brawny, muscular ruffian, with a livid and forbidding countenance, whose dark eyes sparkled as he bowed assent to the interrogation.

"Hold on," cried Landon. "The truth can no longer harm any one but myself; and though you may inflict death upon me, you shall not enjoy the fiendish satisfaction of mutilating my limbs with your horrid contrivances. I did aid Hamilton, not indeed in ruining an injured maiden, but in rescuing her from a thraldom she abhorred. She is indeed a lovely lady whom Providence formed to make the happiness of an honorable man. By this time Estella is a happy bride."

"Her joys will be shortened," said the inquisitor, frowning. "They cannot elude the power of Rodrigo d'Almonte, at once judge of the holy office and Governor of Valencia."

"Moderate your transports, sir," said the Englishman, boldly; "the fugitives are beyond your reach. This very night a swift-winged felucca bore them away from those accursed shores to a land of liberty and happiness."

The brow of Rodrigo grew black as night.

"Insolent!" he exclaimed. "You have outraged and set at nought the authority of Church and State. Your life shall pay the forfeit."

"Be it so," said Landon, folding his arms; "but let me tell you, that for every drop of blood shed, my country will demand a life. The cross of St. George protects the meanest subject of the English crown."

Rodrigo d'Almonte made no reply, but waving his hand, Landon was removed from the tribunal, and thrown into a dungeon on the same floor with the hall of torture.

* * * * * *

Towards the close of a sultry summer day the narrow streets of Valencia wore an aspect of unusual activity and life—filled, as they were, with representatives of every class of citizens. The tide of human beings seemed to be setting in one direction, towards an open square in the centre. The Alameda was deserted by its fashionable promenaders; and young and old—all, indeed, who were not forbidden—were at length congregated in the square.

The attraction was soon explained, for in the centre of the square was seen a lofty platform of wood, on which was erected a stout stake or pillar, to which was affixed an iron chain and ring. Around this were heaped, to the height of several feet, huge faggots of dry wood ready for the torch.

A body of men-at-arms kept the crowd back from a large open space around the platform. These preparations were made, so the popular rumor ran, for the punishment of a young Englishman, who had aided a Spanish nun in the violation of her vows.

The numerous bells of the city were tolling heavily; and at length, after the patience of the populace had been nearly exhausted, the head of a column of men marching in slow time was seen to enter upon the square. First came the governor's guard, their steel caps and cuirasses and halberds polished like silver. After these walked the officials of the Inquisition, and some friars of the Order of St. Dominic surrounded the unfortunate Landon, who wore the corazo or pointed cap upon his head, and the san benito, a robe painted all over with flames and demons, typifying the awful fate which awaited him. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step, while the guard arranged themselves around it, and the Governor of Valencia, mounted on a splendid charger, and wearing his inquisitorial robes over his military uniform, rode into the square amid the vivas of the crowd and the presented arms of the troops, and made a sign for the ceremony to proceed.

As an officer, appointed for the purpose, was about to read the sentence, a great tumult arose in the square, and attracted the attention of all the spectators.

"What is the meaning of this, Alvarez?" asked the governor, addressing one of his lieutenants.

"The people, please your excellency, have got hold of Isaac, the rich Jew, and insist on his beholding the august spectacle of the Auto da Fe."

"The unbelieving dog has never liked these brave shows," said the governor, with a grim smile, "since his well-beloved brother, Issachar, expiated his heresy on this spot in the great auto, when we burned twenty of his tribe before the king. Beshrew my heart! he abuses my clemency in permitting him to hold house and gold here in Valencia. He shall behold the execution! Make room there, and drag him into the heart of the square.

The cruel order was obeyed: and the old Jew, who was a mild and venerable-looking man, was forced into the centre of the square, whence he could have a full view of the horrid scene about to be enacted. But the indignities to which he had been subjected aroused a latent spark of fire in the soul of the aged Hebrew. He lifted up his voice and cried aloud—

"Spaniards!—Christians! Are you men, or are you brutes? Fear you not the vengeance of heaven, when you enact deeds that would make the savage blush? Think you that heaven will long withhold its vengeance from atrocities that cry aloud to it night and day—that the innocent blood ye have spilt will sink, unavenged, into the earth? Fear and tremble, for the hour of wrath and woe is at hand!"

The energy and eloquence with which he spoke sent a strange thrill of terror through the crowd. The governor, alone insensible to fear, shouted from his saddle—

"Tremble for yourself, Isaac; for by the rood, if you dare question the justice of the Holy Office, you shall share the fate of yonder heretic!"

"I fear not the wrath of man," replied the Jew. "Fear you the wrath of heaven!"

At this moment, as if in vindication of his words, a heavy clap of thunder, that fairly shook the city like the discharge of a park of artillery, broke upon the ear, and one of those sudden storms, so common in southerly latitudes, rolled up its dark masses of clouds, and the light of day was suddenly quenched, as in an eclipse. Vivid flashes of lightning lit the upturned and terror-stricken faces of the cowering multitude. At the same time the wind howled fiercely through the streets that led into the large, open square, and tore the plumage that waved and tossed upon the helmets of the soldiery.

"Executioner!" roared the governor, whose high, stern tones of military command were heard above the roar of the sudden tornado, "do your duty! Fire the fagots!"

The order was obeyed—the torch was applied, and already a quivering, lurid flame shot up at the feet of the luckless Landon, when the storm burst forth with ungovernable fury. The scaffolding was blown down, and the rain, descending in torrents, instantly quenched both torch and faget. The vast crowd were thrown into utter confusion. The terrified horses of the cavalry plunged madly among the crowd—hundreds fell and were trampled under foot, and prayers, shrieks and imprecations filled the darkened air.

Landon was unhurt amid the wreck of the sacrificial pyre. A ray of hope shot up in his heart. Scrambling out of the ruins, unobserved and unpursued, he fled down the nearest lane with the utmost speed. Anxious to obtain shelter, he, without even a thought, climbed a garden wall—once within which he was safe, for a moment, from pursuit.

Rushing through a shaded alley of the garden, he found himself at the door of a large and splendid house. Almost without a hope of finding it yield, he tried the handle, and the door opened. Silently and swiftly he ascended a large, stone staircase, and took refuge in the first apartment which he found before him. A beautiful young girl, the only occupant of the room, startled at the fearful apparition of a stranger, flying for his life in the robe of the san benito, fell upon her knees and crossed herself repeatedly, as her dark eyes were fixed in terror on the intruder.

"Lady," cried Landon, "for the love of that Being whom we both worship, though in a different form, take pity on a wretched fellow-being. Save me! save me!"

"But you are accursed and condemned," she said, rising and recoiling.

"I am, I am," he replied; "but you know my offence. If you ever loved yourself, you know how to pardon it. Think of the horrid fate that awaits me, if you are pitiless."

The lady paused and reflected, Landon watching the expression of her countenance with the most intense anxiety. At length her brow cleared up; there was an expression of sweetness about her rosy lips that revived hope in the heart of the fugitive.

"I will save you if I can," she said.

"Heaven's best blessing on you for that word!" exclaimed Landon.

"But you have come to a dangerous place for safety and shelter," she continued, sadly. "Do you know whose house this is? It is the dwelling of my father, Don Rodrigo d'Almonte, the Governor of Valencia."

Landon started back in terror, but he instantly recovered from that feeling.

"You, then," said he, "are Donna Florinda, in praise of whose beauty and goodness all Valencia is eloquent. I feel that I am in safe hands."

"I will never betray you," returned the lady. "You are safe here. It is my bedchamber," she continued, blushing; "but I resign it to you—sure, from your countenance, that you are a cavalier of honor, who will never give me cause to repent of the step."

"Be sure of that," said Landon.

"Swear it," said Florinda, "upon this trinket which my father took from your person in the hall of the Inquisition."

Landon took from Florinda's hand the diamond star given him by Estella and thus mysteriously restored, and pressed it to his lips.

"By this talisman," said he, "by this token, which I prize so highly, I pledge myself not to abuse your confidence, but to repay by a life of gratitude the priceless service you have rendered me."

"You may remain here, then, for the present," said Florinda, "till I think what can be done for you."

"If I can only make my way to the house of the English ambassador," said Landon, "I may count upon my safety."

After lighting a lamp, for it was now nightfall, and setting upon a table some wine and fruit, Florinda left the chamber, locking the door behind her. Descending to the garden she went directly to a secluded arbor, embowered in foliage, at no great distance from the house.

"Cesareo!" she whispered.

A young cavalier, who was concealed in the arbor, instantly advanced and clasped her in his arms.

"Dear Florinda!" he cried, "I feared that you would disappoint me. But we have yet some happy moments to pass together."

"Not a moment," replied she. "My father will soon return. I am come to beg you to retire instantly, and await another opportunity of meeting."

"You are anxious to get rid of me!" said the cavalier.

"Not so," she replied, "my father will soon return, and he will be sure to inquire for me directly."

"Well, then," said the lover, "if it must be so, go you to the house, and leave me the solitary pleasure of watching the window of the room gladdened by your presence."

"No, no, Cesareo!" cried Florinda, in terror, "that must not be."

As she said this, her eyes were instinctively turned to the window of her room, and Cesareo's followed the same direction. The shadow of Landon's figure, as it passed between the lamp and the window, was seen defined distinctly on the curtain.

"By heaven!" cried Cesareo, "there is a man in your bedchamber!"

"My father!" said Florinda.

"You told me that he had not returned," said Cesareo. "You are playing me false, Florinda. You have a lover, and a favored one."

"No, no!" cried the agonized girl. "It is nothing, believe me—trust not appearances; I will explain all."

But at this moment the distant clang of trumpets and kettledrums was heard, announcing the governor's return.

"I must be gone!" cried Florinda; "believe me, I am faithful;" and with these words she fled into the house.

"The dream is over!" said Cesareo. "But I will have vengeance on my rival."

He left the garden, muttering curses, and grasping the cross-hilt of his sword; and Florinda flew to her chamber.

"Fly!" she cried to Landon. "I have sheltered you at the risk of my reputation—my father is returning, and you must leave this house. A jealous lover may denounce me, and both of us be ruined for ever. Farewell. Climb the wall at the back of the garden, and take refuge in the next house. I will still watch over you."

Landon obeyed, and made his escape from the governor's garden just as Don Rodrigo was entering the courtyard. He crossed another small garden and entered a small house at the extremity, the door of which was unbarred, and again found refuge in a room on the lower floor, where he concealed himself behind a screen.

He had not been here long before he heard footsteps entering the room, and the voices of two persons in conversation, one of whom was evidently a female and the other an old man.

"Dear father," said the female, "I rejoice to see that you are returned. You never go into this city without leaving me trembling for your safety."

"I have passed through much peril, Miriam," he replied. "Snares and violence have beset my path. I went to carry the gold and the silver I had promised to Jacob the goldsmith, when lo! I was beset by the ungodly rabble."

"Dear father!" said the young girl.

"Yes!" he continued, "and they dragged me to their place of skulls—even to their accursed Golgotha, where the blood of mine only brother was drunken by the ravening flames, and where twenty of our brethren perished because they believed in the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob."

"And did they force you to witness the auto da fe?" she asked.

"They brought me to the place, Miriam," he replied; "but there the spirit of prophecy descended upon me, and I lifted up my voice and denounced their abominations, even as the prophet of old did the iniquities of the Egyptian king. And lo, Miriam, there was a miracle wrought! The voice of heaven spake in thunder to their impious blood thirstiness. The floodgates of heaven were opened, and the rain descended in mighty torrents, and quenched the Moloch fires kindled by the Christians. Then a great wind arose, and the scaffold was destroyed, and the goodly youth that stood thereupon was saved from the death of fire, as the multitude were scattered."

"And lives he, father?" she cried.

"I fear not," replied the old man, sadly; "for if he were not crushed by the falling scaffold, yet verily the cruel swords of the troopers and the men-at-arms must have sought out his young life."

At this moment Landon stepped from his concealment.

"No, my friends," said he, "I yet live to thank heaven for its providential care. I have found a friend in the household of my bitter enemy, for Donna Florinda d'Almonte sheltered me, and commended me to your roof."

He had now time to scan the persons of his hosts. The elder, Isaac the Jew, was, as we have described him on his appearance in the square, a man of venerable appearance, with a mild and noble countenance, wearing the long beard and flowing robes of his race. His daughter Miriam, had the commanding beauty, the dark eyes, the flowing hair, and the bold features of the daughters of Israel. She was richly clad in robes of silk, and many a jewel of price gleamed in the raven tresses of her hair.

"Thou art safe beneath this roof," said the Hebrew, "for Donna Florinda, though the daughter of the man of tiger blood, hath yet befriended us and ours, and for her sake as well as for thine, thou art welcome."

Landon thanked his new friends for their hospitable pledges.

"I would fain," continued the Jew, "give thee garments more fitting than the accursed robe that wraps thy youthful limbs. But of a truth I have none of Spanish fashion, and the Jewish gabardine is almost as fatal to the wearer as the robe of the san benito."

"Here comes Reuben," said Miriam. "Welcome home, dear brother."

A handsome youth of sixteen entered at this moment, and saluted his father, his sister and the stranger. He bore a bundle in his arms.

"I was charged," he said, "by the Lady Florinda, to bear this package to the stranger I should find here. It contains a Spanish dress. She bid me say," he continued, addressing Landon, "that when you have put on these habiliments, you can repair with me to the governor's garden at midnight. The waiting-maid and confidante will conduct you through the house to the street, and you can then make your way to the English ambassador's."

After thanking the youthful messenger, Landon was shown to an apartment, where he was left alone to change his dress. Donna Florinda had supplied him with a plain but handsome cavalier's suit, including mantle, hat and plume, and in addition to these a good sword. Landon hailed this latter gift with joy, and buckled the belt with trembling eagerness. He drew the weapon, and found it to be a Toledo blade of the best temper; and he kissed the sword with ecstacy.

"Welcome, old friend!" cried he. "With you I can cut through odds, and at least sell my life dearly if I fall again into the hands of the Philistine."

Returning to his new friends, he sat down to a hearty meal which they had prepared for him, and to which he did an Englishman's justice. At the hour of twelve his young friend Reuben signified his readiness to accompany him on his adventure.

"Farewell!" he cried. "I owe you a debt that nothing can repay. But believe me, your kindness will always dwell in the heart of Clarence Landon."

Reuben and the Englishman were soon in the governor's garden. It was pitch dark, and they advanced cautiously, groping their way. All at once Landon stumbled against some person.

"Is it you, Reuben?" said he, in a low tone; but he was instantly grasped by the throat. Dealing his unseen assailant a blow with his clenched hand, which made him release his hold, the Englishman instantly drew his sword and threw himself on guard. His steel was crossed by another blade, and a fierce encounter ensued, the combatants being practised swordmen, and guided in the dark by what swordsmen term the perception of the blade. Reuben had made his escape, and gone to tell his father of this new disaster. The struggle was brief, for the antagonist of Landon, closing at the peril of his life, and being a man of Herculean strength, wrested the sword from the Englishman's grasp, and held him at his mercy.

"Now, dog," whispered the victor, "have you anything to offer why I should not take your life as a minion of the tyrant Rodrigo?"

"I scorn to ask my life of an unknown assassin," replied Landon; "but I am no minion of Rodrigo's, and I was even now seeking to escape his clutches."

"If there were a light here," said the stranger, "I could see whether you lied, friend, by your looks. You may be pairing off a tale upon me. How did you propose to escape Rodrigo?"

"By making my way through his house," replied Landon.

"A lively tale," said the stranger. "How are you to gain access to his house?"

"A waiting-maid was to let me in," replied Landon.

"Well—I'll test your veracity," said the stranger. "I have your life in my hands. You are unarmed. I have rapier and dagger. The experiment costs me nothing."

"It would be idle in me to interrogate you," said Landon. "It would be idle to ask you who are you?"

"I will answer you frankly," replied the stranger. "I am one of those freebooters whose fortunes are their swords. If I were in Rodrigo's power, my life would not be worth five minutes' purchase. And yet I am seeking him to-night."

"You speak in riddles," said Landon.

"Perhaps," said the stranger; "but be silent now, if you value your life, and follow me."

The stranger, still retaining a firm grasp upon Landon, approached the door which led into the governor's house, showing in their progress a perfect acquaintance with the labyrinthine alleys of the garden. They halted, and a female voice spoke in a whisper, "Here's the key."

The stranger grasped it, and dragging Landon into the house, instantly locked the door behind him. A dark lantern was placed on the floor of the corridor. The stranger told Landon to take this up, and precede him up stairs. Landon obeyed, the stranger following close behind, giving him whispered directions as to his course. Having reached a certain door, the stranger took a light and entered a chamber, followed by the wondering Englishman. The walls of the room were heavily draped, and upon a huge bed the Governor of Valencia was reclining, buried in a deep slumber.

"He sleeps!" whispered the stranger in the ear of Landon—"he sleeps, as if he had never shed blood; as if the head of my brother had never fallen on the block by the hand of his executioner. He will soon sleep sounder."

"What mean you?" asked Landon.

"Wait and see!" was the reply.

The stranger cautiously lifted the light in his left hand, bending over the sleeper, while with his right hand he drew a poignard from his belt, and raised it in the act to strike. But just as it was descending, Landon caught the assassin's arm, and shouted in his loudest tones.

"Don Rodrigo, awake!"

"Bailleu!" cried the ruffian, with an oath. "You shall pay with your life for interfering."

The governor sprang from his bed in time to witness the deadly struggle between Landon and the midnight assassin. It was short and decisive, for as the robber was aiming a blow at his antagonist, the latter changed the direction, and it was buried to the hilt in his own heart. He fell, and died without a groan. The noise of the struggle had aroused the household, and the servants came pouring into the room with lights, accompanied by Donna Florinda, who was agonized with terror

"Dear father," she cried, rushing into the governor's arms. "What does this mean?"

"It means," said Don Rodrigo, "that this ruffian, who had sworn to take my life because I had condemned his brother to death for manifold misdeeds, has been slain in the attempt by this young man."

"And do you recognize your generous protector?" exclaimed the daughter. "Behold! It is the young Englishman you condemned to perish at the stake. Oh, father!" she cried, and she explained the manner in which Landon had been enabled to save the governor's life.

"Young man," said the governor, addressing Landon, with deep emotion, "a mightier Power than mine is visible. For the life you have saved I will repay you in the same manner. I ensure you a full and free pardon, and you shall not have it to say that Don Rodrigo d'Almonte, had as he has been represented, was a monster of ingratitude."

He kept his word: and soon after Landon set sail for England, in company with the Hebrew family who had sheltered him, and where, in due time, he was united to the lovely Miriam, with whose beauty he had been impressed on first sight.

In England he rejoined Hamilton and his Spanish bride, to secure whose happiness he had perilled his own life, and he always preserved Estella's diamond star as a memorial of his adventures in Valencia. Soon after his arrival he received a letter from Donna Florinda, announcing her marriage to Cesareo, whose jealousy had been so signally excited by Landon's shadow on the window-curtain. When Don Rodrigo died he was buried with all the honors due to a soldier, a governor, and an eminent member of that mild and benevolent institution, the Spanish Inquisition.

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A GENTLEMAN.—In telling what he thought a gentleman should be, Cardinal Newman once wrote: "He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. In his conversation the gentleman will remember to whom he is speaking, have thought for all the company, and avoid allusions that would give pain to any of them, steering away also from topics that irritate. When he does a favor to another—and he does many—the gentleman will somehow make it appear that he is receiving the benefit instead of conferring it. He is never mean or little in his disputes. Moreover, he shows that he has an intellect far above the average in the fact that he never mistakes personalities and sharp sayings for arguments. Most of mankind do. When grief, illness, or losses come to him, he submits to pain because it is inevitable. Bereavement he takes with heroic philosophy because it is irreparable. He goes to death without a murmur because it is destiny."

# Scientific and Useful.

WORKED BY ELECTRICITY.—A foreign genius has invented "an electric soldier." It is a figure of a man whose body is crammed with machinery and fed with cartridges. He is able to fire 50 000 shots in fifteen minutes, and is worked by electricity.

SHELLAC VARNISH.—To make white shellac varnish dissolve one part pearl-ash in about eight parts water; add one part shellac, and heat the whole to the boiling-point. When the lac is dissolved, cool the solution, and saturate it with chlorine until the lac has all settled. When it is dissolved in alcohol, it forms a varnish which is as transparent as any copal varnish.

SELF SHINING BLACKING.—Take the whites of two or three eggs, a lump of sugar, a tablespoonful of spirits of wine; beat these all well together for ten minutes, then add a little very finely-powdered ivory black, sufficient to make it about as thick as treacle; stir this in gradually, so as to be perfectly smooth, and it will be found to give a fine polish to dress boots or shoes.

RATS IN HEN HOUSES.—Pouring coal tar into their holes, taking care to rub plenty of tar on the edges of the holes, succeeds admirably. Should they be in such a position as to prevent the pouring in of the tar, rubbing the sides will answer. The rat is naturally a very cleanly little animal, and abhors the offensive and sticky nature of coal tar. Whenever mortar is used, coal tar should be well mixed with it, which will prevent them nibbling another hole.

FROM LAND.—It is frequently stated that the land will not produce more than can be obtained from it, and that when a green crop is plowed under it really adds nothing to the soil. This claim is true only so far as it relates to mineral matter. Plants derive a portion of their nitrogen from the atmosphere, which is given up to the soil when the crop is turned under. Another point is that vegetable matter is of great advantage in assisting in the increase of humus, and for that reason, if for no other, green manurial crops should be grown on all classes of soil.

# Farm and Garden.

ROOTS.—Root crops help through the winter and assist in affording a variety for the stock. Even when there is a plentiful supply of ensilage an occasional change to cooked turnips or beets will promote the appetite, and thus enable the animals to keep in good condition.

HOG AND COW.—No animal fits in so well with the cow as the hog, for no animal is so well adapted to utilize the by-products of the dairy. Where selling milk is the only object of the dairymen there is no need to keep anything except cows, but where making butter is the aim, there is more or less skim milk and buttermilk which must be utilized in some way.

NON PRODUCERS.—According to the census the non-producers of food are increasing five times as fast as the producers. The actually, this will soon make us hustle to feed ourselves. Despite the discouragements, the wise farmer should get ready for the coming demand by bringing his land to the very highest state of productiveness.

TRANSPLANTING.—If you have large fruit trees you wish to transplant, dig around them toward the close of summer, cutting off the larger roots at from three to five feet from the body, according to the size of the tree. Twelve months later they will have made so many small roots to replace the larger ones that transplanting can be attempted safely.

CORNSTALKS.—Machines now shred cornstalks and reduce them to a condition that permits of baling. Much of the hard portion of the stalk will be rejected by cattle, but they will utilize more of the stalk than when they have to pick it over. The shredded stocks are in excellent shape for the manure heap, and all uneaten portions can be used as absorbent material in the stalls. The cost of reducing the stalks is but little considering the gain in many ways.

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MOTHERS will find an INVALUABLE APPETISER and INVIGORATOR for themselves in JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, taken an hour after meals. It is also the best Worm Medicine for children. For the Liver use the Painless Sugar Coated SANATIVE PILLS.

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### On Proverbs.

Proverbs have been called "points of wisdom," "concentrated wisdom," "petrified experience," and other pretty names. They are not always wise; but if not always wise, nor even honest and good, because fools and knaves and selfish people have their proverbs as well as wise men, they have always some point about them. They mean something, and carry with them a certain sense, as well as an ease and a glitter which makes them remembered. So far from wise men finding them at all below them, many of the wisest have dealt largely with them; and the majority of the mottoes of the lordly houses are Latin and Norman proverbs, which have been the wisdom-word of the house for centuries, and have become imbedded in our literature and language. The minds of Bacon, of Shakspere, and of Bunyan were full of proverbial matter; hence from their writings we have added much to the already large collection which we have. Some proverbs are universal, some national, some only local. The first appeal to every man with brains about him, and are found in the oldest language, and need but to be spoken to be recognized; the second are very amusing, and show at once the character of the nation; the third class is amusing too; but obviously, in our confined space, we cannot glance at such.

Perhaps the sententiousness of the Spanish in their proverbs, has been derived from the East. Eastern people are very fond of proverbs: in Constantinople or Cairo two merchants or friends will carry on a pretty long conversation in proverbial sentences, crossing them one against the other, and bandying backwards and forwards these preserved mummies of sentences which lived long ago. The Proverbs of the East are moral sentences, maxims, comparisons, and enigmas, expressed in their usual poetical, figurative, or symbolical style. Solomon says that in his time they were the study of the learned, who tried hard to understand the dark sayings of the sage.

The Spanish proverbs are of grandiose style. There is much wisdom as well as sublimity in these first two of the following: "He is a rich man who has God for his friend." "He is the best scholar who has learned to live well." Severity is in the following: "Change of weather finds discourse for fools." "When all men say you are an ass, 'tis time to bray," is good advice of its kind "Leave a dog and a great talker in the middle of the street." "A good wife is the workmanship of a good husband." "Good courage breaks ill luck to pieces." "Make the night night, and the day day, and you will be merry and wise," and "Afflictions teach much, but they are a hard cruel master," are three worth remembering. Thomas Carlyle has taken the last proverb, and amended it. "Experience," says he, "doth take dreadfully high wages, but she teacheth like none other." To teach one to help oneself, the Spaniards say, drawing the simile from hot porridge, "He who hath a mouth of his own, should not bid any one else blow."

The Italian proverbs are conceived in much the same spirit, but with a difference. Let us begin, as before, with something showing the veneration of the people: "He who serves God hath the best master in the world;" a proverb which will recall the sad saying of Cardinal Wolsey. 'Speak well of your friend; of your enemy neither well nor ill," is a cautious saying, like that of the Germans: "Speech is silver; silence is golden." "There are more asses in the world than those who have long ears," is true enough. A quaint saying will remind one of the everyday employment of the Neapolitan lazaroni: "Three things only are done well in haste—flying from the plague, escaping quarrels, and catching fleas." A parallel to the often-quoted line: 'He who fights and runs away," is found in "'Tis better to say, here he ran away, than there he was slain;" and a good distinction of nations is drawn in the saying, "The Italian is wise before he undertakes a thing, the German while it is doing, and the Frenchman when it is done." They, the Italians, have many proverbs against women: "A woman and a cherry, they say, are painted (i.e. beautiful or pretty) to their own danger." "A woman and a glass are never out of danger." "He who would have trouble in this life, let him either take a ship or a wife." "Tell a woman she is wondrous fair, and she will soon turn a fool." "Play, the company of women, and wine, make a man laugh till he dies of it." Speaking of advice, they say, "When the ship is sunk, every man knows how she might have been saved." Lastly, from them we will quote a grand and wise sentence: "Nature, time, and patience, are the three grand physicians."

English proverbs are fetched, from almost every land under Heaven. Certain it is that every country is full of them, and a complete collection of them would fill a large book. The first one we will again draw from the pious ejaculations of our ancestors: "In everything begin and end with God." A sorry consolation for the down-trodden is in this saying: "Where the hedge is lowest all men will go over;" and a good distinction between wit and wisdom is conveyed in the saying, "'Tis wit to pick a lock and steal a horse, but 'tis wisdom to let it alone." 'Gold goes in at any gate save that of heaven," says a proverb. "Knaves and fools divide the world," is bitter, but perhaps too true; and full of poetry and consolation are those proverbs which tell us that "Night is the mother of counsels," and which bid us still have faith under any trouble or trial, with "Cheer up, man! God is still where he was."

That true but quaint poet, George Herbert, made a collection of proverbs, which are exceedingly valuable, and which also exhibit the cast of his mind. Among them is "Good words cost little, and are worth much." He repeats the old English adage, which, by-the-way, is to be found in all languages: "Marry your son when you will; your daughter when you can." Perhaps this saying originated with Themistocles. Of the old saw "The opportunity makes the thief," he has the more Saxon version, "The hole calls the thief." "He that hath a head of wax should not walk in the sun." "He that lives most (i. e. most cares for life) dies most." "He that sings on Friday will weep on Sunday." "If all fools wore white caps, we should seem a flock of geese," is a north country proverb. "He plays well who wins," is one in favor of success; and in the last four proverbs, which we shall quote from Herbert, we shall find four beautiful and true sayings: "Love is the true price of love;" "Love makes all hearts gentle;" "Love rules his kingdom without a sword," and "Love asks faith, and faith firmness."

Proverbs sometimes cross and deny each other; indeed a public writer once amused himself with showing the assertion and its reverse in every way. Thus, people say that "a rolling stone gathers no moss" when a boy shows a roving disposition; but it is parried by the assertion that 'a sitting hen never gets fat," and that "he who stays at home gets nothing."

Shakspere, who often spoke proverbs, also tells us that "home-keeping youths have ever homely wits." Some proverbs are as cruel as they are cautious, as that one of the Scotch, "Never catch at a falling knife or a falling friend; they will both cut you;" but from the majority of proverbs a great deal of wisdom may be learnt; and for our own trouble in gathering these wise sayings, and criticizing that which has taught our great great grandsires, we have reserved one which will quaintly repay us, "Critics," notes Herbert, "are like those who brush noblemen's clothes; they make them look better, but they durst not wear them."

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EVERYWHERE and always it is the good, not the evil, that should be emphasized and portrayed. In all our poetry and art, in all our literature, let the best and highest thoughts and imaginations be brought to the front and the inferior be dropped out of sight. In all our business, in all our social intercourse, in all our amusements, let the good be made prominent, let heroic deeds and generous lives be known and admired, and those of an opposite kind be buried in the silence they deserve. It is the sun which chases away the clouds, it is the truth which dissolves error, it is goodness which extinguishes evil.

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ONLY a sympathetic and sensitive nature can tell just where intrusiveness begins, so as to avoid its very first approach. We can all however improve in this respect by cultivating our perceptions and sympathies so as to enter somewhat into the consciousness of other people. No one deliberately intends to become an intruder or a bore, but many actually do so from selfish and careless disregard of the feelings of others and an utter ignorance of the way in which their conduct affects those who view it from an outside stand-point.

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IF there be one curse more bitter than another to man, it is to be the offspring of an irreligious home—of a home where the voice of praise and prayer ascends not to God, and where the ties of human affection are not purified and elevated by the refining influence of religious feeling.

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To him who thinks a thing is sinful it is sinful, though it may not be sinful to his neighbor. Many a man is doing right, and is sinning in doing it, because he is violating his own conscience—not any natural law or custom, but simply going against his own conscience.

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PEOPLE are not soured by misfortune so much as by the reception they meet with in it. When we do not want assistance, every one is ready to obtrude it on us as if it were advice.

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WITH love, the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors; without it, it is a bleak desert covered with ashes.

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OUR customs and habits are like the ruts in roads; the wheels of life settle into them, and we jog along through the mire because it is too much trouble to get out of it.

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ONE of the most effectual ways of pleasing and of making oneself loved is to be cheerful; joy softens more hearts than tears.

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THE call to religion is not a call to be better than others, but better than yourself.

## CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

LOOKING-GLASS.—**The re-silvering of looking-glasses is a very difficult process.** It consists in cleaning, covering with tinfoil, floating on to mercury, pressing, draining off the excess, etc. You had better have the work done by a looking-glass-maker. No one but those well practiced should work with mercury.

SEMPER EADEM.—**The romantic dream** of old Arctic voyagers—even so late as Captains Back and Parry—was to find out a northwest passage to China, etc. There is a belief in a great central sea, and there are useful scientific facts to be discovered, and certain points to be solved. That therefore is "the use of Arctic expeditions."

S. Y. X.—**You do well to hesitate, not** merely because of the objectionable qualities, but also because of your own unsettled and divided feelings; you must however decide for yourself. As life long happiness is at stake, weigh everything thoughtfully; **it must not a** matter of "looking over" or "improving." And there must be entire devotion on both sides; two cannot walk together except they be agreed.

DIGAMMA.—**Coptic is no longer a spoken** language in Egypt. With the conquest of that country in the tenth century Arabic became the current tongue. The Christian population however are still taught to read Coptic, as the Jews with us are taught Hebrew, as it is the language of prayer and of the Bible, both in Church and at home. Of the three dialects, the Bashmurish, almost extinct, approaches nearest to the language of the hieroglyphics and papyri, the Theban and Memphitic scarcely bearing upon it. Neither of the three has much Hebrew affinity; the hieroglyphics, whether on monuments or papyrus, are nearly identical.

DIPSO.—**You deserve great credit for** having surmounted the inclination to "drink." Sorrow is a strong incentive to resort to a practice which promises—falsely, though fairly enough—to afford relief. It was a noble and worthy victory to overcome the habit. Persevere in well-doing, and the self conquest will in the end bring happiness. Do not abandon the hope of reclaiming the truant or cease to strive towards that end. It will be very gratifying by-and-by to feel that by right conduct and wise self government you have driven the cloud from your life and home, and can again enjoy a sunshine of your own making. Looking to the fact that you are doing well as you are, we do not recommend you to resort to stimulants again even in moderation, it is not worth while to take a medicine as food. Some require it, but not all; and, having done without it, perhaps it would be wise not to revive the "temptation."

J. N. M.—**From the earliest times pup**pets have in one form or another been made a medium of child or adult entertainment. Figures with movable limbs have been found in the tombs of ancient Egypt. India, China, Italy, France, Germany, all have had and have their puppet exhibitions. "Motions" was the name by which such shows were known at first in England. In Shakspeare's time the master of the show, or the person appointed by him to speak for his mock actors, was called the "interpreter" to the puppets. The sensational melodrama of Punch and Judy is based on the play of an Italian comedian who lived about the year 1660. The scenes and incidents are considerably altered and shortened from those in the original production, but in the main the story may be said to be almost the same. The Italian form of the name Punch is Pulliicinella, or Policinella. As to the derivation, accounts vary. One states that a public character in the market-place of Naples, a peasant, received the name Pulcinella from dealing in fowls—pulcinelli—and after his death was personated in the puppet-shows of the San Carlino Theatre; another asserts that the word is a corruption of Puccio d'Aniello, the name of a witty buffoon of Acerra, who joined a company of players and became a favorite with the populace of Naples; another, that the original name was Paolo Cinella.

R. S. V. P.—**Drifting thoughts are like** loose tackle and spars trailing over the sides of a vessel moving down a narrow tidal river on the ebb amid a crowd of shipping. Try to fancy what that may be, or ask some nautical friend to explain the effect to you. The thoughts float along the sides and down the front, and become entangled in passing objects, and get under the foot, and play wild havoc with everything. You may succeed in drifting down safely; but, if so, there will be no end of work to get things in order afterwards. What you say about letting thoughts drift as an expedient for the mind when in trouble is pretty, but false. "Castle-building" of the sort you recommend, or at least defend, is a vain recourse from trouble. We do not say dwell on your sorrow, or absolutely strive to shake off the feeling of disappointment and regret, because we know that would be an impracticable direction; but, to use another metaphor, see you keep a firm hand on the reins of your thoughts, however much you seem to give them head. There is a way of securing all the advantages of a full play of the imagination without surrendering control. A man may set his thoughts to amuse him while retaining his seat on his throne as governor of his inner kingdom, and so preserve his authority as to be able to call every faculty to its place at will. Too much imagining of any kind is bad, but a surrender of the control of the will over thought is ruinous. It is this we denounce.

### EVER AND EVER SO LONG AGO.

He told her a story, 'twas all so sweet,
Ever and ever so long ago;
And he knelt him down at her precious feet,
Ever and ever so long ago.
And he said: "I would have my life all this
One perfect joy!" and he sought to kiss
Her finger tips—it was, oh, such bliss!
Ever and ever so long ago.
She foolishly hearkened to all he said,
Ever and ever so long ago,
Till he kissed her lips so ripe and red,
Ever and ever so long ago,
Then he knelt no more, nor kiss would he
Her finger tips; love's slave was she;
The men are the same as they used to be,
Ever and ever so long ago.

## Which Will She Choose?

BY O. R.

"WELL, John, I must say I think you are unreasonable."

"Unreasonable!" exclaimed John Clare, lifting his eyes from the carpet, into which he was doing his best to punch holes with his stick, and fixing them deprecatingly on the speaker's face.

She, however—that same speaker—did not choose to look at him in return. He was unreasonable—he had vexed her—and he was not to go altogether unpunished.

"Yes," said she, "I meant what I said. Do I owe nothing to my visitors? You were amiable enough before they came, when you could monopolise my time entirely. And now, because I have to pay proper attention to them, and tell you so, you put on a grievous air, just as if I belonged to you, and had no right to speak to any one else."

"Rose!" said John.

Poor, blundering, stupid John! he let his honest eyes tell how such words hurt him. He put his broad, hard-working hand on hers in reproachful entreaty, and began blurting out a speech about its being the dearest wish of his heart that she should belong to him; but she cut him short with merciless unconcern.

"You have no right to find fault with me," said Rose. "It is true we have been playfellows almost all our lives, but we are old enough to have done with that; and you are not my brother in reality, John Clare, that I should obey you."

"Heaven forbid!" said John.

"And so look here," continued Rose. "While these cousins of mine are with us, I, as mistress of my father's house, must give them my principal attention. Any one but you would have seen at once that it must be so."

"I do see it, Rose," replied John; "but—"

"Better late than never," interrupted Rose; "so if you do see it at last, have the grace to look less pugnacious when you come in contact with my cousins. Algy Rivers and you have, I suppose, taken a mutual dislike; though why you should have been rude to him I can't think."

"Rude to him!" echoed John.

He raised his head suddenly to look out at the figure of Mr. Algernon Rivers, as he paraded before the window with his sister, both waiting for Rose, and wondering probably what that uncouth country lawyer could have to say to her in private. Had John known Mr. Algernon's thoughts just then, his own might have been even more full of a savage exasperation than they were already at the very sight of him.

Yes, John Clare had been rude to Mr. Algernon Rivers; and he had a rueful sort of foreboding that he might be rude to him again if he saw much of the supercilious, handsome, intolerable fop who was so attentive to Rose. And rudeness was intolerable also; so poor John, getting the worst of the argument, or knowing intuitively that he should get it in the end, made no reply to the accusation. He felt himself vanquished. Knowing, as he believed she did perfectly well, the nature of his feelings towards her, this wilful tormentor close to ignore it altogether, and to hold him at arm's length in a way that did not tend to increase his amiability towards the visitors who had come between them.

"Well, Rose," he said, at last, "I'll stop away, then, for the next month. A whole month."

"As you please about that," said Rose.

"And you don't care?" said John.

"I never said so," replied Rose; "I only said that you were unreasonable, and so you are; unreasonable and exacting, like other men. But our visitors will probably remain a month. I think they mean to be here on my birthday, and if you are too ill-tempered to do the civil to them, why——"

John Clare snatched up his hat hastily, with some hot, foolish idea of going away and never coming near her again; but he thought better of it. After all, who would suffer most if he did?

"I tell you what it is, Rose," he said; "I am but an awkward squad of a fellow, and knowing that there's nothing about me for such as you to like, I suppose I am tenacious, or touchy—whatever you like to call it. I beg your pardon if I have been uncivil to your guests, and I think I had better stay away. I might repeat the offence, you know. If that fellow—I mean Mr. Rivers—looks so confoundedly scornful at me, I can't answer for myself; besides, to speak the truth, his devotion to you makes me——"

"Awkward!" supplied Rose. "Very well, John. Then we are friends again."

She gave him her hand frankly enough, but there seemed to be something about the action which displeased Mr. Clare, or else he was, as he had just confessed, touchy; for he turned straight round from her with an ejaculation very like a groan, and went away through the French window. He had to pass the obnoxious cousins, and as he raised his hat to Miss Rivers with one hand, the other was furtively clenched; and the muttered something, which passed for a simple "good evening," was in reality, "I should like to punch his head, an arrogant, conceited fop!"

It might have done John Clare good to see the expression with which Rose watched his furious strides across the lawn; but he never looked back, and if he had she would have taken care not to let him see her. So he walked on, switching the loose stones about with his stick as though they were implicated in the cause of his disquiet.

He had been very happy; too happy, he thought now. He had been drifting on securely towards a future over which he now saw a sudden cloud. What right had he, if it came to that, to fill himself up with the idea that Rose loved him? And if she had loved him, could all the cousins in the world have induced her to put him on one side?

In his own mind John Clare sneered at these visitors, and snubbed them; fine people, before whom he would sink into shabby insignificance. Why could not they have stopped at home, instead of coming down to trouble plain people with their airs and grandeur? Inasmuch as John really knew but little of them except their names, he was prejudiced against them unwarrantably.

But then the name, as he said to himself, was quite enough. Algernon—where did it come from? Such a name could certainly belong to no ordinary mortal; of course, the man must be extensive in proportion; and as to his sister—a fashionable, fine lady—she would teach Rose the follies and vanities of the world, and by whose side plain John Clare would look plainer and awkwarder still——

Well, what was the use of putting himself in a fever about it? When he reached home, he went by the mere force of habit to his desk, and took up a handful of letters, addressed "John Clare, Esq.," thinking desperately that he must open them, and collect his thoughts for business. And then came a sudden idea which made him fling them down again. That crotchet of the squire's, that his daughter Rose should enter into no positive engagement until she had reached her twenty-first birthday, was, after all, a foolish whim, that might give way before reasonable argument.

Besides, the time was now so near; only a month was wanting to accomplish it. He could not, and would not live that month in his present state of uncertainty. He would not leave the coast clear for the precious Algernon. If Rose were once his promised wife, then he should be secure; then no trust should be fuller than his; and then also the handsome Algernon himself should not be more scrupulously courteous and attentive than he, John, would be to all the world. Yes, it would be far better to know his fate at once; to secure his treasure, if indeed so great a treasure was to be his; and if not—well, even in that case, he should be free from these alternate hopes and fears which tormented him. He would go the very next day to the squire, and plead his own cause.

* * * * * *

Blundering John! He sat before that desk of his with clenched hands, and tried to persuade himself that he had a right to be miserable. Perhaps he had; but then the misery was of his own seeking. When he went in such hot haste to open his case to the squire, did he think that Rose would not see and resent the distrust and jealousy that, half unconsciously to himself, were prompting him.

The perception flashed upon her at once. A hundred trifles, not understood before, pointed to it. John Clare, who had known her all her life, who knew, or ought to have known, that she loved him with all her heart, could not yet trust her. And if her mind had not been made up before, it was made up even as her father spoke to her.

"I bind myself to no man until I am twenty-one," she said. "You can tell him that, papa, once again. It was your own wish."

"Yes," said her father; "but the time is so near."

"All the more reason, my dear papa, why a patient man should have waited," replied Rose.

"Rose," exclaimed the squire, "you are a tyrant. You shouldn't tease John Clare."

"Tease him, papa!" cried Rose.

"Oh, if you get up a dignified air like that I am extinguished," said the squire, laughing. "Nevertheless, John is a good fellow, and I did think you liked him."

"So I do, of course," replied Rose. "There is nothing to dislike about him."

The smile died away upon her father's face as she spoke. Hesitating for a moment, he put his hand upon her arm and drew her to him, looking into her face with grave perplexity.

"Rose," said he, "Algernon Rivers is my nephew, and is reputed to be more than commonly attractive. Nay, he is attractive. When I saw him leaning over your chair last night at the piano, I had an uneasy misgiving; but I did not then trouble myself to analyse it. I understand it now. Rose, he is vain and superficial; he is the most determined flirt in the kingdom; in two words, my nephew is a shallow puppy. I——"

The squire stopped. His daughter had broken away from him with an indignant gesture, her cheeks crimson, her eyes shining.

"You too, papa! You are as bad as John," she exclaimed. "I wonder what you both take me for, that it should be necessary to caution me in this way against my cousin? Is there anything wrong in my conduct? If there is, pray tell me of it; for no one else shall lecture me. You are doing me a great injustice, papa; in fact you use the very likeliest means to turn me against John Clare. What control has John Clare over my actions? If he chooses to be offended because we have other visitors, and I am civil to them, I can't help it."

"Tyrant!" ejaculated the squire. "If I were John Clare I wouldn't trouble myself about you. In a month, then, he is to have his answer?"

"Yes, on my birthday," replied Rose. "Shall I read the paper to you?" she asked, glancing significantly towards the window.

The squire followed her look, and saw that Mr. Algernon and his sister were wandering about amongst the trees in the shrubbery.

"Tut, tut!" said the squire, with a grimace, "I can read the paper for myself. Go and feed the peacock."

As his daughter left him, the squire looked once again at the handsome figure of his nephew; and, like John Clare, felt half inclined to shake his fist and wish that Algernon had stayed at home. He was too handsome. The air of chivalrous devotion which covered his conceited consciousness of his own attractions would take Rose by surprise, and might please her. The courteous fop might seem the greatest hero in the world to her who was ignorant of his real character; and John Clare's truthful earnestness would be but an old-world, old-fashioned sort of attribute in comparison with all this outside show and glitter.

"Which will she choose?" groaned the squire, for by his own wish, uttered long ago, Rose was free.

Other people, too, asked the question, "Which will she choose?" with a gossiping curiosity. It had been so long a settled thing amongst the meddlers in their neighbors' affairs that John Clare was a lucky fellow in having won the squire's daughter, that a flutter of excitement rose in the village with a fresh report. It became patent that John Clare no longer paid his daily visit to the squire. Those who knew the young lawyer said that he had changed into a morose and gloomy man of deeds and parchments; that he no longer understood a jest or joined in a laugh.

And then, Mr. Rivers was so handsome and so polite! Wherever Rose went, he went. If they rode, he was constantly at her bridle rein, and seemed as if he had no eyes for anything but her. If they walked, he manœuvred that his sister should have sketching materials, so that she might be no check upon a tete-a-tete. His lips dropped poetry, and his lightest speech conveyed, or was intended to convey, the subtlest flattery.

It was even said amongst the gossips that Mr. Clare had once met the riding party in the village, and had been seen to pass them without stopping to speak; raising his hat; which report was true. But those who spoke of it could not know how hard a thing it was for him to accomplish, nor the desperate, dogged patience with which he strove to wait the stipulated time before he again spoke to Rose. They could not see, nor understand if they had seen, the deep red that came up into Rose's face at that passing salute; the smart rebuke which stung Mr. Rivers for the time out of his obtrusive gallantry; nor the determined haste with which, when they reached home, she dismounted without her cousin's help, and went straight to that little room wherein she had just parted from John, that she might be alone, for a while at least.

The red spot had not left her cheeks, nor the glistening light her eyes. It looked like anger, and certainly was not favorable to Mr. Rivers.

"They are all mistaken," she thought; "everyone. It is a new Comedy of Errors. My dear stupid John is afraid I might be dazzled with the polish of that Bristol diamond. He ought to know me better. As for that precious Algernon—I wonder what it costs him annually for perfumes, jewelry, and general adornments? Gifts are pretty equally apportioned, and there's too much beauty outside that conceited head of his to leave much inside. And he is also——ah, Algy, what are you? I can read him like a book. And in his false devotion towards myself I read that he is that pitiable thing—a flirt by profession. Wherever he goes he must have some one to bow down before that mighty Dagon, self. Moreover, Algy saw, with those eyes which are so fine and yet so cold and false, that John Clare was—— Well, he read John aright, in so far as a shallow nature like his is capable of comprehending one so high above his reach; and he resolved in his small idle brain to supplant the unsophisticated country lawyer. What was to become of me is another question, since Algy meant simply to amuse himself. Is it reasonable that such selfish wickedness should receive no reward? He shall mean something else before I have done with him. The biter may be bitten sometimes, and his game here is dangerous. Algy Rivers, I'll punish you."

* * * * * *

It was the last night of John Clare's term of waiting, and for the first time during its progress John himself had been one of the guests at the squire's dinner-table. They were all gone but himself; and he, knowing that he ought to have been at home long ago, still lingered. It was so long since he had seen Rose—so chilly a greeting had passed between them—that it was no wonder, finding her comparatively alone at last, he found it hard to leave her.

John and Rose were standing together at one of the windows. At the opposite end of the room sat Algernon Rivers and his sister, and they were both stealthily observing the two at that distant window. In Mabel Rivers' face there was a look which expressed at once sorrow, anxiety, and shame, as it passed from the figure of John Clare to that of her brother. "Which would her cousin choose?" So strong an interest hung about this question for her brother's sake,—for the sake of his honor, about which he seemed to her to have lost all concern, that Miss Rivers could not wait the result, but must again and again reckon up probabilities and chances in her own mind.

Algernon's handsome eyes were bloodshot, and in them there was an expression of intense rage and jealousy as he watched that window. His proposed amusement had become for him no longer sport but grave earnest. He did not pause in his madness to wonder that it was so; he flung to the winds considerations which should have pressed upon him heavily; he was actually bent with unscrupulous infatuation upon winning for his wife this little cousin, with whom and her country lover he had purposed to entertain himself. For once in his life Algernon Rivers was in desperate earnest; and the more his cousin avoided him, as lately she had begun to do, the stronger grew his passionate determination and his reckless disregard of those circumstances which

stamped him at once with falsehood and deceit.

This evening, for the first time, there broke on Algernon a tormenting jealousy of the rustic lawyer who had before only excited his supreme pity and contempt. Now he, the lawyer, stood beside Rose, to all appearance welcome there, and having a right to be there. No words that they spoke were audible to him, but the very consciousness of his powerlessness either to hear what passed or to interrupt the conversation, made him grind his teeth, and press the rings into his white hands in impotent rage.

When his sister rose and left the room Algernon sat still. Nothing should move him from that post of observation. The recollection that he had more than once striven to depreciate this man to his cousin came back to gall him; the memory of many a supercilious speech, received either with a smile or a quiet sarcasm which he had been too self satisfied to take to himself, taunted him now. In his madness he swore an inward oath, first of vengeance and then of ultimate victory. This was not like the many other pursuits which he had idly undertaken in vanity and ennui; it was a real passion; and that he should weekly suffer himself to be beaten by a clown was not to be thought of. But, Rose once his wife, then he would think of vengeance on John Clare. John, however, was not troubling himself about Algernon just then; neither was Rose; and there was nothing in their conversation to justify so mad a fit of jealous rage.

"It is true," continued John, "that I have kept away as I said I would. For many reasons I thought it better that I should do so. I am not naturally a patient man, Rose, and daily tantalising would have made a bear of me. I would have come though, once or twice, if I had thought you wished it. But do you know why I am here to-night, Rose? It is because to-night the month of waiting ends."

"No," responded Rose, quietly, "to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" said John. "Well, let it be so. I put my fate in your hands. If I was exacting, as you said I was—and the recollection that you said it has vexed me bitterly many a time—forgive me for it. Not it down to my great——"

"John," interrupted Rose, "you had better not say any more now."

He looked at her inquiringly, but her face, so far as he could read it, told him nothing.

"Well," said he, "I will go. To-morrow, then, I may come for my answer?"

"Yes," replied Rose; "I will talk to you in that same little room where he left me so angrily."

"Good night!" said John.

Rose answered him, but shrank back from the hand he held out, and would not give him hers.

Almost before the echo of John's footsteps had died away, others crossed the room rapidly, and Algernon Rivers was before Rose, a suitor, pleading with all the passionate vehemence which he so well knew how to use, but which perhaps had never been so sincere before. Something—it may have been a shadow of remorse—softened her face for a moment at his unmistakeable earnestness, and then she answered him as she had just before answered John Clare.

"No more of this now, Algy. To-morrow I will speak to you."

He would have persisted, but the sudden movement of her head and the look of haughty indignation from the words on his lips.

"At least," he pleaded, "give me your hand as usual before I go."

She answered by a gesture of refusal; and Algy, half beside himself, bent down impulsively, and kissed the hand refused to him.

Rose looked after him, angry in her turn as he left her. She held up her hand and passed a handkerchief over it; she struck it against the window frame, in her disgust that his lips should have touched it.

The opening door startled Rose. Gliding in like some scared ghost, peering into the corners of the room fearfully, and walking with a noiseless step, came in Algernon's sister, Mabel Rivers. She shut the door cautiously, and went up to her cousin.

"Rose, hush!" said she, "Algernon must not know I am here. I have made up my mind, and I must speak to you. I wish I had done it before, Rose. For your sake and my brother's, and for the sake of another, I must tell you something."

"Well, Mabel?" said Rose.

"You speak so coldly, Rose," said Mabel, "and I cannot tell how what I have to say will affect you—whether you will be angry or unhappy, or what. I have thought it over so much that I think I am bewildered, and scarcely capable of judging how to tell you best; and if Algernon knew, he would be so angry. But I must tell."

"You need not be troubled," said Rose. "If there is anything that you think I ought to know, tell it, and don't measure words."

Miss Rivers put her two trembling hands on her cousin's arm with a deprecating movement.

"Rose," said she, "my brother Algernon is engaged to be married to an heiress. He has been engaged twelve months."

Miss Rivers stopped, afraid to look into her companion's face—afraid of the next words which Rose might utter. To her amazement, Rose took the cold, trembling fingers from her arm, and laughed as she passed her lips lightly across them.

"Does she love him, Mabel—the heiress?" inquired Rose.

"I—how can I tell?" replied Mabel.

"For her own sake I hope not," said Rose. "Is she very rich?"

"Rose," said Miss Rivers, not answering the question, "I begin to think I must have been strangely mistaken. Upon my word, I cannot understand——"

"My dear Mabel," exclaimed Rose, "it is all right—that is, I'll tell you more to-morrow morning, and if after that confession you will consent to stay with me and let Algernon go home alone, why it will be done bright charitable and forgiving of you. Now, good night."

* * * * * *

Quietly, as though the dignity of this twenty-first birthday was something which could be felt, the squire's daughter rose up to receive her cousin as he came in, already half exultant and secure; for who could withstand him? Not a muscle of her face changed as she looked down upon him and heard his renewed professions of truth and love. She let him go on until his eloquence was exhausted, and he began to ask, stammering, that she would speak to him.

"As for love," said Rose, deliberately, "you don't know what it means; and there is no truth in you. Silence!—I have heard you; now hear me. You came to this house a guest, and brought discord with you. In your idle, shameless selfishness you formed the deliberate purpose of amusing yourself by making me think you loved me; by making me care for you, as you have made others do. You had no other purpose in this than mere amusement."

"Rose!" exclaimed Algernon, "I swear——"

"Hush!" said Rose. "You then saw into the secret of another man's heart; and, instead of causing you to desist, the knowledge only heightened the excitement of the game by giving you another victim. Fine fun for you to rob this simple boor, as you have called him, of all he held dear—to you worthless; you determined to supplant him. That your purpose was alone amusement, no argument is necessary to convince me; but, lest I should seem at fault for once, you were and are engaged to——"

An ejaculation of rage broke from Algernon's lips, to be followed by eager protestations that his engagement was nothing; he would break it off; he would do anything, everything, if Rose would only listen to him.

"I don't doubt it for a moment," said Rose, contemptuously; "knowing you as I do, I can readily believe that the most solemn engagement would indeed be as nothing in the way of some new whim for self-gratification. Algy, go away! If I have caused you to suffer anything, take it as a just punishment, for it is so. I am sorry for your wife, and for you."

"Rose," said he, "pity is akin to——"

"Contempt in this case, believe me," said Rose. "If you are not yet convinced, I will show you where my dearest hopes, my firmest, proudest faith had been centred long before you came amongst us. See there!"

At the sight she pointed out—at the look with which she turned from him to the window, watching that approaching figure—Algernon's lips opened, and an oath left them. Rose heard it; heard the door close after him, but did not move.

As John Clare came straight up to her, in his impetuosity, it seemed to him that she changed suddenly, and went back once more to the Rose he had known before these troublesome visitors came to disturb him.

"Well?" said John.

"Well," responded Rose, with lips that would not keep firm, "I'll try to be very good, John, I will indeed; but you must not be hard upon me."

Hard upon her! John didn't understand it. He was startled, and kept repeating the words in a confused sort of way, till she spoke again.

"Don't let us rake up all this past perplexity," said Rose. "I am tired, John. Let it be like a bad dream, shall it?"

"Rose, I want my answer," said John. "Does this mean——"

"It means that I am twenty-one," replied Rose, "and that I surrender my liberty just when others are most free. Don't be angry with me, John, and I'll never tease you again—that is, if I can help it."

"Tease me always," cried John, exultantly, "for an old bear as I am! Say it again, Rose. You trust me with your happiness? Rose, say you love me!"

"I do, indeed," she replied; "I always did."

"And," said John, hesitatingly, "the cousin?"

"Don't talk about him now," said Rose; "it is a tiresome subject. I am never going to have any secrets from you, so sometime we will talk about him; not now. Algy is gone, or going; but Mabel stops with me."

"And she shall be bridesmaid," said John. "Rosebud, I'm afraid I've been an ungracious sort of fellow all this month, but you see——"

"I see," said Rose, putting her hand over his mouth suddenly, and making him turn round.

The squire stood at the door, with his spectacles up high on his forehead, his custom in any excitement.

"What mischief are you two plotting now?" he cried. "Eh, Rose, what are you about?"

"Talking secrets, papa," she replied.

The squire came on into the room, and looked at her gravely; then he turned to John.

"There never was anything in this world so hard to understand as a woman," said the squire. "Upon my word and honor John, I thought it would turn out that she liked the other fellow." However, I must congratulate you, Rose, on having done one wise act in your life; for that vexatious question, 'Which will she choose?' has often perplexed me. Now I shall go back to my den well satisfied; for, I take it, you don't want me here."

## Love's Devotion.

BY FERANDO.

COUNT CONRAD, of Wiecklingen, rode forth to the chase on a bright Spring morning, attended by a large and brilliant retinue, and as his coal-black charger bore him onward to the forest, first, as he ever was, in the ranks, to face danger, but last to leave the field, two fair faces gazed after his loftly plume from the narrow windows of the castle he was leaving far behind him. Each was alike unconscious of the similar occupation of the other; and surely two damsels, less resembling each other in person, never watened a knight go forth on a perilous enterprise, or prayed a benison on his victorious return.

Wilhelmina von Klaussen was about the middle height, possessed of a graceful form, and lovely fair face lighted by a pair of brilliant blue eyes, and surrounded with long, wavy curls, of the purest flaxen. The Saxon blood mantled on her rounded cheek, in a soft blush, and deepened the tint of her lips, which, when apart, disclosed teeth of pearly whiteness; her eyes were bedewed with tears as she turned from the casement, and a gentle melancholy clouded her beautiful features, and subdued the natural gaiety of her spirits.

Seated also by a narrow loop hole, in another apartment of the castle, was a young girl, about whom the storms of twenty years may have rolled, for storms there have been, it is evident, but they are past now, and though traces of a recent conflict of emotions are still perceptible on the pale cheek, that noble brow rests serene, though saddened, from it. Her queenly head is resting on a hand whose shape might have outvied that of Cleopatra. Massive braids of jet black hair fall over the bended neck, whilst eyes of soft dark hazel, gaze with a chastened light, far, far away, out into a dreamland of her own creation.

Theodora of Rosenstein was a beautiful woman, fit study for either poet or painter, for her mind was as richly adorned with fine powers and rare cultivation, as her form was with majestic beauty. Every feature in that face was surely carved by the chisel of a Phidias; but no, a mightier hand than either Phidias or Praxiteles has been at work for in every movement shines forth immortal soul, pure, fresh, and undying, as it issued from the hand of its Creator.

"And I loved him!" she murmured. "I—but it is over now, I have cast far away my vain hopes; and he, Conrad, shall no longer be to me the light of my path. No, no, I have others to live for beside myself,—selfish, selfish that I was, to wish to win his love! He, the courted of all! Poor Mina, thou shalt be happy; thou dost no think that thy secret is in my keeping, but I am stronger now I know all. I feel more resigned to my task."

As these words fell from her quivering lips, the tears would force their way from under the drooping eyelids, and quietly roll over her cheek and drop on the black velvet robe which enveloped her stately form.

In the castle of Wiecklingen some years back, Count Roland, Conrad's father, had expired from wounds received in the Holy Land. He had been brought home only just in time to bid adieu to his sorrowing wife, and to bless his infant son; and thus Conrad, heir to their magnificent estate surrounding Wiecklingen for many a broad acre, was brought up entirely under the care of his gentle mother, who, though sought by many to give again her hand in marriage, had always steadily refused, preferring to live faithful to the memory of her lost Roland, and to devote that life to the welfare of his son.

Roland's sister had married the Baron of Rosenstein, a powerful noble, who accompanied the Count of Wiecklingen to the Crusades, and, less fortunate even then he, left his bones to whiten on the plains of Palestine. His heart-broken wife died soon after, leaving a daughter in the tenderest age of infancy; her aunt took her as her own, making her share in all Conrad's advantages of education, until she should arrive at a suitable age to take possession of her large domain, when, most probably, her hand would be well bestowed on some high-born noble; but as the orphan grew in strength and beauty, side by side with her own gallant Conrad, the countess indulged a secret hope that their affections might take a different form as years increased, and link, at a future day, those hearts more closely in wedlock.

So the years of childhood passed; there was little change in that small circle, save that Conrad grew from a stripling into a stalwart handsome man, and those qualities which in boyhood had given such promise of a bright future did not disappoint the expectations formed of them, as he was the boldest hunter, most fearless horseman, and, above all, the most devoted son the land had seen for many a day, when he was called away to join the Christian host in Palestine. His mother trembled as she thought of Roland's return, yet with her own fair hands she buckled on his corslet, and prayed a different return for him. The grave Theodore remained with her to comfort her sorrowing heart, and fill as far as possible the void caused by the absence of her beloved son.

Theodora of Rosenstein was now seventeen, and gradually expanding into a beautiful woman; but the sad events of her childhood, though unfelt by her at the time, had cast a shade of deep melancholy over her youthful countenance, and lent an unusually pensive air to every action. Naturally of a thoughtful disposition, her childhood had not presented much to draw her attention from sad memories which she treasured in silence. Conrad was her only friend, and he presented no companionship when she arrived at the age of which we speak, when woman's friendship is generally far more prized than it is in riper years.

Fearing the effect of solitude on her sensitive nature during the absence of her son, who had been the life of the old castle, the Countess had invited one of the daughters of an old friend of her husband's, Baron Klaussen, to spend some months at Wiecklingen. The two girls had only met occasionally before, and had then rarely spoken, as Theodora was too taciturn, and Wilhelmina too shy, to make the first advance to each other; but now Mina as she was familiarly called, had attained the age of sixteen, and was very lovely and no less loveable, and having, at her father's desire, accepted the invitation, they became such inseparable friends as only those can be who have not frittered all the warmth of true friendship away amongst indiscriminate and numerous acquaintances.

From this time all was changed for Theodora; her heart was ever open to Mina upon all subjects save one, that was Conrad; for quietly, though none the less

deeply, did the pensive maiden love the warrior, and her heart beat full as quickly as his mother's on hearing news of his safe and victorious career far away amongst the hosts of the pagan Saladin. In time, Conrad returned, and found the brilliant Wilhelmina staying with his cousin at the old castle, lighting up every nook with the brightness of her merry eyes, or with the silvery peal of her joyous laugh.

Such a contrast to the harassing and weary scenes the knight had so long been accustomed to was not lost on him, and ere a week had elapsed since his return, he found himself deeply in love with the fair vision which had so unexpectedly greeted him. Of Theodora, he had never thought but as of a sister,—dearly beloved, it is true, but not with the affection she so fruitlessly bestowed on him.

Poor Theodora perceived the change in her cousin's manner, and at once attributed it to the right cause. The day preceding the opening of this story, she had also discovered that Mina was a victim to the same passion for the knight; and now in her heart of hearts she resolved to crush all her own blighted hopes, and plan only how to make the lovers happy.

Evening closed around, and as the shades deepened over the dark forest, the goodly retinue came forth from its depths, with sounding horn and clattering hoof. Foremost in that merry company, rode Conrad, distinguished above all by his towering crest and graceful carriage, and as the draw-bridge was lowered to receive the gallant charger which bore him proudly across it, old Wilibert, the warder, involuntarily exclaimed, "Would that his father could see him now!"

That very evening the baroness unfolded to her son the plans she had been cherishing for his future, and urged upon him a speedy marriage with Theodora. As he knew not how soon he might be called away again to the wars, she made him promise, before his bewildered brain was aware of the fact, to gain the consent of his cousin on the morrow. No doubt of the young people's attachment for each other had crossed the mother's mind, and no idea of ever claiming Theodora as his wife had ever entered her son's; but in his manly heart, fearing he might be acting towards the orphan in an unworthy manner, he determined to risk the chance, and find out the state of her feelings towards him. If she should consider him only as her brother, well and good, he could then with a clear conscience seek Wilhelmina as his own; but if she should seem to imagine he had ever given her cause to entertain another kind of affection for him, he intended, in his unselfish disposition, to conquer himself, and lay as free a heart as he could at her feet. He felt all the more at liberty, as he had never breathed one word to Mina of his love. Thus matters stood the morning after Theodore had also made her resolve.

* * * * * *

"Theodora, it is eighteen years since you joined our little circle; eighteen years since I first saw you, and from that hour till now, with the exception of my two years' sojourn in Palestine, we have always been together, more as brother and sister than as cousins."

As he spoke, Conrad gazed inquiringly at her pale face, half bowed over a book which the white hand shook as it held, for Theodora had learned of Father Eustace, the chaplain, and her principal instructor, the then rare accomplishment of reading. He did not see the quick flush on the cheek, the quiver of the tell-tale lip, nor the large tears filling those soft eyes, for she was in the shadow of the deep set window, and her head was now quite bowed over the book she was but pretending to study.

"And now," he continued, still watching her earnestly, "I am no longer the stripling I once was, and you have become a woman; surely twenty years are yours now, Theodora?"

Her throat felt dry and burning, for she guessed and dreaded that which was coming, knowing as she did the wish of the countess, and the preoccupied heart of her son; but her voice was clear and firm.

"Yes, Conrad," said Theodora, "it is twenty years since I first entered life's sad path, and eighteen since I became indebted to your dear mother for her kindness to me, a poor orphan; for though not poor in worldly goods, I was destitute of relatives and must ever feel gratitude to the countess for the care she has always bestowed on me; and you, Conrad, have ever been kind and indulgent to me,—may you continue to be so."

She ceased, and her tears fell thick upon the open volume; the count mistook their cause, attributing them to her sorrowful reminiscences, and he felt much calmer, and proceeded on his delicate business.

"But now, as we are both grown up, we may, in the usual course of things, become separated, and you would depart to lighten some far-distant home. So, Theodora," said he, gently taking her hand, "will you keep the love I have ever had for you, and become my bride?"

Conrad faltered as he asked the momentous question, knowing the desperate venture he had made, but feeling sure that now Theodora would give him a sincere answer from her truthful heart. Of his resolve, upon whatever that answer might be, we are aware.

Theodora drew her trembling hand quickly back, fearing he might observe her emotion, and seeming in her struggle to command every feeling to drive her blood back in a torrent to her heart.

"No, Conrad," she said, "no, it cannot be; as brother and sister we have lived; as such we must continue till death. We were never meant to be more to each other. No, no! Forget that we do not really bear that relationship, and let us remember that we are cousins no more. Conrad, let me be your sister indeed; confide to me your sorrows and your joys, and give me the privilege to sympathize or rejoice with you."

She wondered at her own flow of words, wondered at hearing herself thus calmly putting away every earthly pleasure; but she had an object in view, and that was to make her Conrad free, and that she knew she had now accomplished.

The Count of Weicklingen felt his heart beat fast, with a joyous sensation of liberty, as she spoke, and a vision of the gay Mina crossed his mind; still he urged once more his suit on his cousin, but simply from courtesy.

"Theodora," he said, "you would have a still greater right to participate in my joys and sorrows as my wife."

She rose, and looking with a sad, rebuking eye upon his countenance, said, "Conrad, it cannot be. You well know there is another insuperable obstacle in our union. You love another!"

She delivered these words in a firm tone and unflinching manner; but with Conrad all was different; he turned crimson, and sought to evade her steady gaze.

"Another!" he reiterated, "another! Oh, Theodora, is my scarlet in your keeping? What can you think of me?—you, whose truthful soul would scorn to hide a single thought!—you, who have always been a standard to me of nobleness and honor! It is to you I have feigned a love I felt not; it is you whom I have sought to win with a simulated zeal. Oh, Theodora! you despise me, knowing as you have done, my true love!"

His voice became tremulous, as the vehemence of his gesture increased, for he blushed to think that Theodora should have been cognizant of his pre-engaged heart; but she placed one hand, those beautiful white taper fingers, on his shoulder, and took his hand in the other.

"No, no!" she exclaimed; "do not thus regret the words you have so lately uttered to me. You but followed the impulse of your own noble heart, desiring to make me happy; and I——" here she faltered, but only for a moment,—"I but gave you the answer best suited for us both. Wilhelmina is a lovely and amiable girl. From your first return I have seen your growing love; and, Conrad, I have tried to discover any reciprocity on her part. The evening before last, she unconsciously disclosed her love for you, not knowing that I overheard her, for she was communing with herself alone; she feared you cared not for her, and thought herself, as a simple knight's daughter, too lowly to aspire to the Count of Wieckingen. I have since sought an opportunity of telling you, knowing the joy I should impart to you; and now it has come. So go, Conrad!—go to Mina, bearing with you my warmest wishes for your mutual happiness."

Conrad stooped and kissed the marble brow of that heroic maiden; her eyes were lighted with a devoted love he knew not of, and never had Theodora appeared more strikingly handsome. Oh! that is a beauty near akin to that of angels, which an act of generous self-denial sheds on a human countenance; but ere Conrad left her he told her all. how he had been constrained by his mother to seek her as his wife, and how he had resolved to become her faithful husband, had she given him any encouragement.

They were two noble characters: and perhaps Conrad would have proved as great a hero in the trial as Theodora was a heroine; but the trial came on him; it fell, however, with all its weight on her fragile form. But a strong heart and determined mind were there ready to receive it; and, above all, an unshaken trust in God was her support.

Conrad did seek Wilhelmina, and returned to Theodora, radiant as her accepted lover; the latter removed the astonishment and vexation of the countess at her refusal of Conrad, by saying that she had always regarded him as her brother, and that she had no desire to marry. Disappointed as the worthy lady was, she was greatly consoled on finding that her son had only courted Theodora's favor as a duty, and that, as the husband of the fair Mina, he could alone feel happy.

The Baron of Klausseu was proud of the exalted station his daughter would attain, and gladly consented to their union, which was celebrated one month after with brilliant rejoicings at Castle Wieckingen.

Theodora preferred keeping in the world to retiring to a convent, for she felt that she could exercise her charity far more fully on her own estate of Rosenstein, or in her occasional visits to her old home, than in shutting herself away from all in a nunnery; and though her youthful sorrow became life long, and all attempts to persuade her to renounce her maiden liberty were unavailing, she had found comfort from on high; and He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" had chastened her grief so effectually, that it was almost without a pang that she could sit in that joyous circle, holding on her knee a fair little maiden, who bore her name, whilst three of older years clung fondly round her, who called Conrad of Wieckingen their father, and the still beauteous Wilhelmina their mother.

Conrad never returned to the Holy Land; and years after the events recorded in this story, he became acquainted with the history of Theodora's deep love and great devotion, and learned only to reverence yet more that stately and majestic form, with its beautiful face, and saw in every beam of those soft dark eyes the heroism of a soul which had never been sullied by a selfish emotion.

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SEVERE SALUTE.—A short time ago, writes a correspondent in Brazil, a most ridiculous affair happened at Rio de Janeiro. An ice-ship from Boston entered the day, commanded by a Captain Green, in the South American trade. Fort Santa Cruz, not recognizing his home flag, hailed him and ordered him to "heave to." But the worthy skipper didn't speak Portuguese, and the simple statement of the name of his vessel, which he hurled at the fort, was not at all satisfactory; so a blank shot was fired as a mild suggestion for him to stop. But he called for his revolver, and, pointing it skyward, fired six successive shots. Then a solid shot from the fort skipped across his bow, and then another, better aimed, passed through his foresail. The fort and two shore batteries opened fire upon him, and several of his flagstaffs were cut away. But he held on his course rejoicing, loading and firing his revolver. Finally he reached quarantine, and came to anchor just as his flying jib-boom went by the board. He was then so near the other shipping that they ceased fire on him no longer, and the police boat, the custom-house, and the health boat all boarded him, together with the captain of the port, who, with more vigor than politeness, wanted to know, "Why the deuce didn't you heave to?" "Heaves to!" ejaculated the astounded skipper. "Was that what you wanted? Good Heaven, I thought you was salutin' the American flag!" "Diable!" shouted the officers in chorus, and they set the case down as additional evidence of the lunacy which they regarded as a necessary ingredient in the American character.

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QUICK WORK.—A Cincinnati man describes a novel sight he recently saw at a mill devoted to making paper of pine tree pulp. "I was invited to select a tree," he says, "which I did, and it was cut down for me in the morning. I watched it during the day undergoing the various processes of paper making, and at six o'clock that evening the tree was paper. At mid-night a portion of it was still [illegible] dry. I [illegible] taken to a printing office, and a few of the [illegible] of the next morning's issue were printed on it. The [illegible] printed newspaper in the world [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

# Our Young Folks.

## THEIR GREAT SECRET.

BY S. P.

JACK MARSHALL was late for school the afternoon he discovered it. He was rather given to being late when he got the chance. He stopped talking to old Nicholas the gardener till after the first bell rang, so he tried to make up for it by taking the short cut across the plantation wall. The plantation wall was roughly built of stray boulders and flint stones; Jack's foot slipped on one of them, and he came down with a crash that grazed his knees and elbows, and put all thoughts of school out of his mind for a minute or two.

The treacherous stone had come down with him. Glancing wrathfully at the hole left in the wall, it struck Jack that there was quite a deep cave behind. He poked in a stick, and discovered a curious package knotted up in a red cotton handkerchief a gold watch and massive gold chain.

"The very thing I've been wanting for a whole year," ejaculated Jack in amazement, "and father wouldn't buy me one. Hurrah! I've got one, after all, and without asking anybody. Perhaps I'd better not tell anybody, either, or it might get taken away again."

Clearly, such a prize was worth keeping, and worth some caution too. Jack thrust it—handkerchief and all—into his trousers pocket, and went into school feeling quite weighed down with his secret. What, in comparison, were the two long division sums he got for being late? Mr. Christie himself hadn't a watch like it—just a big silver one, with a white face. Jack felt quite a contempt for silver watches already.

"Tommy, Tommy Fairley," he cried through the schoolroom window, as his special friend sauntered past, "just you come up here again. Those wretched sums are done at last, and I've got something to tell you."

Something to show him too. What was the use of owning a gold watch if no one but himself was to be the wiser?

Tommy stared at it with awe-struck eyes.

"Why, Jack, it's worth money and money! You ought to go and tell Mr. Christie. Some thief must have stolen it, and hidden it away there."

"I dare say; and get it taken from me again," said Jack indignantly. "Why, it's the very thing I've been wanting for years. Mr. Christie, indeed! I'm going to wear it at the Horse Show to-morrow."

"I wouldn't," remarked Tommy earnestly.

"Perhaps you wouldn't, but I would," retorted his friend. "And look here, Tommy Fairley: it's my secret, and you're not to go telling the other fellows. Let them think I got it from home, if they like."

Jack was busy packing the new watch into an empty chocolate-box, and he padded it round with bits of cotton wadding, and muffled up the whole in the red handkerchief before he put it back into his pocket.

"Well, if the police come here after you, don't say it was my fault, that's all," was Tommy's parting word, as he went back to the playground.

Jack did wear it at the Horse Show. He kept his jacket buttoned well over it till they were hurry on the road, and beyond range of Mr. Christie's eye, and he rather wished that Tom Fairley had kept to himself that remark about the police, for it made him feel uncomfortable two or three times, when they chanced to encounter any of the officials about the tents and sheds in the show-ground; but apart from that, Jack was a person of no small importance that morning. How many times he drew out that watch to consult it would not be easy to count. True, it was not going, and he had no means of making it go, but that was a very small matter. He could cheerfully have paraded the grounds till bed-time but for the football match that was to come off in the big school meadow at three, so by two they had to say "Good-bye" to the prize horses and dogs, and set their faces homewards.

At the exit gate stood another tall policeman. He knew Mr. Christie's boys by sight, and smiled down at them affably.

"Well, young gentlemen—off across it?"

"We must go," returned Tommy, "it is football day, and there is no time to spare."

Jack said nothing, but hurriedly buttoned up his jacket, and a sudden rush of scarlet to his face made the man look at him attentively.

"Anything wrong with that chain?" he inquired.

"Of course there isn't," said Jack shortly. "We can't stop here all day talking. Hurry up, Tommy!"

But somehow, all in a minute, the gilt had gone off the affair: he felt mean and shabby and sneaky, and not at all on good terms with himself. It was quite a new sensation to be afraid of anyone's eye, and Jack did not like it.

He couldn't get up any spirit in the game, and when it came to an end he sat down on a bench and talked to Tom Fairley very soberly indeed. It was hard, now that he had got a grand watch and chain, to have to feel like this about it, and Tommy could not be made to see this in the proper light.

"The watch isn't yours, and you're no better than the thief while you keep it, Jack," he declared stoutly; "besides, what is the good of having one if you have to hide it away every time a man looks at you?"

"That's just it," sighed Jack dismally, "and I suppose it's got to go; but I'll never get the chance of a watch like that again."

Tom patted him approvingly.

"Never mind if you don't; let us go and tell Mr. Christie now, before the fellows go in."

Mr. Christie, who was in his study, listened to the story quietly, till Jack opened the chocolate box and exhibited his find. Then he took the watch over to the window and examined it closely.

"I believe I know the owner of this," he said, looking round at the boys. "It was stolen from Squire Reed a week or two ago—by some workman it was thought, and this handkerchief will help to prove which. We must have it seen to at once. I am glad it fell into honest hands again."

"But it didn't," owned Jack, blushing scarlet. "I wanted to keep it dreadfully; it was Tommy who——"

"Never mind about all that," interrupted Tommy impatiently; "we've got our lessons to do yet."

There was a peremptory knock at the front door as they went up the staircase, and of course the lessons had to stand over a little longer till they saw what it meant. To Jack's consternation two policemen—one of them the man from the show-gate—pushed in past Jane and demanded to see see Mr. Christie at once. The tall man happened to glance up, and noticed Jack's startled face peeping over the balustrade.

"Ah! we'll speak to you, young gentleman, too; I daresay you can guess what it's about."

"Is it Squire Reed's watch?" gasped Jack in dismay.

"That's just it, and the sooner you give it up the better; you were seen all over the show with it."

"What is the matter?" queried Mr. Christie, coming out of his study. "Ah! come in here, my man; I was just about to send a message to you."

Jack was not a cowardly kind of boy; still it is not everyone who can speak calmly and coolly to one policeman, much less two. So that he was very glad to shelter behind Mr. Christie's wing and let him do the explaining, and he did not mind it half so much as he expected, when he saw his gold watch and chain, chocolate box, and red handkerchief included, carried off in the custody of policeman No. 1. It was far better than having to go himself.

There came another loud knock—at the schoolroom door this time—in the middle of the writing lesson next day, and Squire Reed himself marched in, looking much too big and imposing for the bare schoolroom.

"I have come to see the young gentleman who found my watch," he said to Mr. Christie. "So it was you, was it?" when Jack was marshalled forth. "Well, it was a watch I'd have been sorry to lose, and the rascal who stowed it away in the wall is safe in the lock-up by this time. There's five shillings for you, my boy, and the next half holiday you get, the whole lot of you must come up and spend it among my cherry-trees."

The half-holiday was not due till Wednesday, but that five shillings was something substantial to go on with. It was not put into Savings Bank, as it ought to have been: it was not invested in useful books—no, Jack and Tommy and half a dozen other particular friends went straightway to the nearest confectioner's and laid out every sixpence of it in cakes and toffee for a surreptitious banquet in the gooseberries after lawful hours.

The account of that delightful banquet and the speeches that were made would be a story in itself. The matron could not in the least understand how it was that the boys had so little appetite for breakfast the next morning. Mr. Christie may have had his own private opinion, but he had the good feeling not to ask too many questions.

Squire Reed and Jack are excellent friends, and the latter is doing his best to for, at that he ever thought of appropriating the Squire's property.

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ORIGIN OF PAPER MONEY.—The veracious Spanish historian, so often quoted by Irving in his Conquest of Granada, Fra Antonio Agapida, relates that the Count de Tendilla, while besieged by the Moors in the fortress of Albama, was destitute of gold and silver wherewith to pay his soldiers, who began to murmur, seeing they had not the means of purchasing necessaries from the people of the town.

"In this dilemma," says the historian, what does the sagacious commander?

He takes a number of little morsels of paper, on which he inscribes various sums, large and small, and signs them with his own hand and name. These did he give to the soldiery in earnest of their pay.

'How,' you will say, 'are soldiers to be paid with scraps of paper?'

'Even so,' I answer, and well paid, too, as I will presently make manifest; for the good Count issued a proclamation ordering the inhabitants to take those morsels of paper for the full amount thereon inscribed, threatening severe punishment to those who refused, and promising to redeem them at a future time with silver and gold.

Thus by a subtle and most miraculous alchemy did this Catholic cavalier turn worthless paper into precious gold, and make his late impoverished garrison abound in money.

Irving adds that the Count de Tendilla redeemed his promise like a royal knight: and this miracle, as it appeared in the eyes of Fra Antonio Agapida, is the first instance on record of paper money. This happened in 1484.

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MIXED.—Switzerland will be bad to beat in respect to the mixture of races and tongues in the ranks of the army. This gives considerable trouble to the military authorities.

An amusing instance occurred recently at Wallenstadt recruiting station, in the case of a guard consisting of five men.

The lieutenant in command spoke German only; the second, a sergeant, spoke Italian only; the third, a corporal, spoke French and Spanish; the fourth, a private, could speak French and German; while the fifth, a private, could speak French, German, and Italian; a Babel of languages truly, and enough to puzzle even a professor.

When the lieutenant had to give an order to the sergeant, the last named man had to interpret it for him; when he wished to communicate with the corporal, he had to requisition the linguistic services of the fourth man, and so on.

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WHY.—Recently two gentlemen were driving along in a waggonette on the road which leads from Newton Stewart to Creetown, when a spark, falling from one of their cigars, set fire to some straw which covered the bottom of their vehicle. Soon the flames drove them from their seats, and while they were busily engaged in extinguishing the fire, a yeoman farmer, who had been riding on horseback after them, dismounted to assist them.

"I have been watching the smoke for some time," he observed.

"Why the dickens, then, didn't you shout out to us?" they inquired angrily.

"Well," responded the sturdy farmer, "there are so many new-fangled notions nowadays, that I really thought you were going by steam."

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FOR MILITARY PURPOSES.—In the German army two bicycles are assigned to each battalion. Bicycles are to be used for communications between columns on the march, for communications between advanced guards. When troops are in quarters, bicyclists are to fulfil the functions of orderlies, especially where mounted orderlies are wanted. They will also relieve the cavalry from relay and intelligence duties. In great fortresses the whole of the duties now devolving upon cavalry as message bearers will be transferred to bicyclists.

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To prevent the hardening of the subcutaneous tissues of the scalp and the obliteration of the hair follicles, which cause baldness, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

## THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Glue made out of reindeer horns is considered the best in existence.

A Hartford man named Lewis has invented a powder for putting out fires.

A watch will tick 160,144,000 times a year if it be kept continuously running.

Danish lighthouses are supplied with oil to pump on the waves in case of a storm.

Under the ruling of a New York Judge, the family dog is the property of the husband.

A Persian carpet has been in use for 200 years in the main hall of the Shah's palace in Teheran.

At the close of the last fiscal year there were 969,544 pensioners on the rolls of the Pension Bureau.

Australia has a population of less than 5,000,000 but economists declare that it could support 100,000,000 with ease.

The Thumb Bible, published in Aberdeen in 1670, measures one inch square and nearly half an inch thick.

A curious calling pursued in certain districts of Sicily is that of gathering the threadlike substance secreted by mussels, which is used for making silk.

Recent surveys show that one-sixth of the State of Oregon, something over 10,000,000 acres, is covered with dense forests.

The Siamese have a great horror of odd numbers, and were never known to put five, seven, nine or eleven windows in a house or temple.

An electric plow has been invented at Halle, Germany. The cable to the motor is carried on a number of small trolleys running over the ground.

Cold storage for underclothes is the latest novelty in the big downtown refrigerators in the New York dry goods district. The idea is to get rid of the moths.

A one-armed man who swings a scythe as fast as anybody, and a one-armed woman who maintains her family by taking in washing, are two of Palmyra's, Me., smart people.

The largest sailing ship afloat has just been completed at Bremen. She is a 5 master, is 394 feet long, 50 feet wide, with a draught of 25 feet. She is called the Potosi, and has a carrying capacity of 6150 tons.

In 1887 there were 13 electric roads in the United States, operating about 100 cars. There are now in this country not less than 850 electric railways, aggregating 9000 miles of track and operating 22,000 cars.

Portland Prison is England's largest prison. Nearly 2000 convicts are located there, being employed chiefly in the "Crown quarries," from which something like 50,000 to 60,000 tons of Portland stone are annually exported.

According to a French professor, the rabbit is able to bear the greatest cold. He shut a rabbit up all night in a block of ice and the next morning the animal seemed to be very comfortable and not to know that anything unusual had been going on.

A hunter of Grant's Pass, Oregon, found, recently, the left half of the antlers of a six-year old elk embedded in the heart of a live oak stump. The rings indicating the growth of the tree showed that the horns had been in the tree more than 70 years.

A model of the famous cathedral St. Peter's at Rome will be erected on the Midway Heights at the Cotton States and International Exposition. This is the same model that attracted so much attention on the Midway Plaisance at Chicago. It will be an exact reproduction, on a small scale, of the world-famous cathedral.

Under a new ordinance in Griffin, Ga., a bar room in that town may not connect with another room, and must have but one doorway, for entrance and exit. Even if the proprietor of the bar lives in the building in which it is situated he must have a separate entrance to his house, and from his bar must go out into the street in order to get into his home.

In the middle ages there were certain seasons of the year when the nobility indulged themselves in running their horses, and especially in the Easter and Whitsuntide holidays. A writer of the seventeenth century tells us, however, that horse-racing, which had formerly been practised at Easter, "was then put down as being contrary to the holiness of the season."

California is carefully stocking all the rivers and accessible lakes of the State with the best varieties of Eastern game fish. Some time ago a carload of many varieties of fish not found naturally in Californian waters arrived at Oakland for the breeding station at Sissons. There were many thousands of fish, and some of the varieties were black and white bass, perch, sunfish and China catfish.

The Japanese have a peculiar custom of eating fruit before it is ripe. The fruit is mostly the same kind as produced in America, but of much poorer quality. On account of this inferiority there is a good market in Japan for American canned fruits. The Japanese have made the mistake of supposing that the most important product of a fruit tree is its blossoms, and as a natural consequence the fruit is poor and small.

## ONE WISH.

BY MARKHAM HOWARD.

My wounded heart would ask no balm;
For it were ask'd in vain.
I would not seek Hope's treacherous calm
To lull its grief again.

I would not wish that hour's return
When thou didst smile with me;
My spirit, though condemned to mourn,
Asks for no sympathy.

One joy I crave, and only one—
Ah! when will it be given?—
To softly sink, as thou hast done,
In the dear arms of Heaven.

## ABOUT COTTON.

There are several species of the cotton plant; but those of commercial importance are four in number. Herbaceous cotton is the plant which yields the East Indian "Surat" and some varieties of Egyptian cotton. Its habitats are India, China, Arabia, Egypt and Asia Minor. It is annual; it grows to a height of five or six feet, it has a yellow flower, and it yields a short staple.

Tree cotton on the other hand, grows to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, has a red flower, and yields a fine silky wool. Its habitats are Egypt, Arabia, India and China. Hairy cotton is a shrub of some six or seven feet high, with a white or straw-colored flower, and hairy pods, which yields the staple known as American "Upland" and "Orleans" cotton.

Another variety first found in Barbadoes, grows to a height of about fifteen feet, and has a yellow flower, yielding a long staple, and fine silky wool known as "Sea Island" cotton. This now grows most extensively on the coasts of Georgia and Florida; but has been experimented with in various parts of the world, notably in Egypt, where it has succeeded; and in the Polynesian islands, where, for some reason or other, it has failed.

The cotton plant of the American plantations is an annual, which shoots above ground in about a fortnight after sowing, and which, as it grows, throws out flower-stalks, at the end of each of which develops a pod with fringed calyces. From this pod emerges a flower, which, in some of the American varieties of the general species, will change its color from day to day. The complete bloom flourishes for only twenty-four hours, at the end of which time the flower twists itself off, leaving a pod or boll, which grows to the size of a large filbert, browns and hardens like a nut, and then bursts, revealing the fibre or wool encased in three or four (according to the variety) cells within. This fibre or wool is the covering of the seeds, and in each cell will be as many separate fleeces as seeds, yet apparently forming one fleece.

Upon the characteristics of this fleece depends the commercial value of the fibre. The essential qualities of good and mature cotton are thus enumerated by an expert: "Length of fibre; smallness or fineness in diameter; evenness and smoothness; elasticity; color and tensile strength; hollowness or tube-like construction; natural twist; corrugated edges, and moisture."

The fibre of Indian cotton is only about five-eighths of an inch long; that of Sea Island about two inches. Then Sea Island cotton is a sort of creamy-white color; and some kinds of American and Egyptian cotton are not white at all, but golden in hue; while other kinds, again, are snow-white.

The cotton plant likes a light sandy soil, or a black, alluvial soil like that of the Mississippi margins. It requires both heat and moisture in due proportions, and is sensitive to cold, to drought and to excessive moisture. The American cotton fields are still worked by negroes, but no longer slaves, as before the war; and, in fact, the negroes are now not only free, but some of them are considerable cotton-growers on their account. On the other hand, one finds nowadays little of the old system of spacious plantations under one ownership. Instead, the cultivation is carried on on small farms and allotments, not owned but rented by the cultivators. Large numbers of these cotton farmers are "financed" by dealers, by landowners, or even by local store-keepers.

The cotton factor is the go-between of the grower and the exporting agent in Galveston or New Orleans, or other centre of business. After the crop is picked by the negroes—men, women and children—and the harvest is a long process—the seeds are separated from the fibre by means of a "gin;" and then the cotton-wool is packed into loose bales for the factor, while the seeds are sent to a mill to be crushed for cotton-seed oil and oil-cake for cattle-feeding. The loose cotton bales are collected by the factors into some such central town as Memphis, where they are sorted, sampled, graded and then compressed by machinery into bales of about four hundred and forty pounds each, for export. In calculating crops, etc., a bale is taken as four hundred pounds net.

The cotton then passes into the hands of the shipping agent, who brands it, and forwards it by river-steamer to one of the southern ports, or by rail to New York or Boston, where much of it is put on board an ocean-steamer for Europe.

The beautiful American clippers with which some of us were familiar in the days of our youth are no longer to be seen; they have been run off the face of the waters by the "ocean liner" and the "tramp." Arrived in Liverpool, or long before it arrives in Liverpool, cotton enters upon a new course of adventures altogether, and engages the thoughts and energies of a wholly new set of people.

FATAL HOURS.—Some years ago a writer undertook to investigate the popular notion that there are certain hours during the twenty-four more fatal to life than others. He ascertained the hour of death in two thousand eight hundred and eighty instances of all ages from a mixed population, and from deaths occuring during a period of several years. The maximum hour of death is from five to six o'clock in the morning, when it is forty per cent. above the average; and the minimum during the hours from nine till eleven o'clock in the evening, when it is six and one-half per cent. below the average.

## Grains of Gold.

Thinking right will keep us from doing wrong.

There is no such thing as the right use of a wrong thing.

He is the greatest man who does most for his fellowmen.

When we read we fancy we must be martyrs; when we come to act we cannot bear a provoking word.

The most respectable sinners are the most dangerous ones.

Before great victories can be enjoyed, great battles must be fought.

People are scarce who do not talk about themselves too much.

The more an enemy hates us, the more our kindness will hurt him.

Be as religious in your buying and selling as you are in your singing and praying.

You are tried alone; alone you pass into the desert; alone you are sifted by the world.

We must not judge of a man's merits by his great qualities, but by the use he makes of them.

It is easy enough to make sacrifices for those we love; but for our enemy, we have to struggle, and overcome self. Such a victory is noble.

Persons who are always innocently cheerful and good humored are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper among all who live around them.

Those who are most reluctant to share little sympathies with strangers are almost certain to be at least open to the sympathies of home life, through which all goods are heightened, and all evils lessened.

## Femininities.

She, reproachfully: "You said you would die for me." He, stiffly: "I was referring to my whiskers, madam."

No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life as not to receive new information from age and experience.

Out of 1486 ex-students of Girton, Newham, Somerville Hall, Holloway and Alexandra, the women's colleges of England, only 208 are reported as married.

Softleigh: "So now we are affianced?" Miss Summergirl: "Yes! and please buy the engagement ring at Seekem & Bleedem's. I get a commission there."

A bust of Charles Sumner, made by the colored sculptor, Edmondia Lewis, will be one of the attractive exhibits of the Negro Building at the Atlanta Exposition.

Floyd Rhinehardt, a Manawa, Wis., youth, was closing a folding chair and his right hand was caught. Two of his fingers were cut off at the joints as if done by a knife.

Miss Duffin was the winner in a voting contest inaugurated by a Chicago newspapet for the most popular public school teacher in that city, the prize being a free trip to Alaska and return.

The short skirt and leggings of the wheelwoman are so convenient that they have been adopted by some women at summer resorts who do not ride a wheel. They are especially advantageous for tennis.

He: "My love, we have been married two years." She: "Yes, darling." "Upon our wedding day you were twenty-four. To day you tell the census man you are thirty-one." "Dear me, how time flies when one is happy!"

Rev. Blyden, Liberian Minister to Great Britain, has arrived at Baltimore for the purpose of encouraging emigration of colored people from the South to Liberia. He believes that the American negro is destined to civilize Africa.

A scientist who has been making some curious experiments in order to find out how far animals can count, declares that the crow can count up to ten. In this respect the bird is the superior of certain Polynesian tribes, who cannot get beyond five or six.

"So you've married again, I hear?" said one Frenchman to another. "And to whom?" "My former wife's sister." "Is she pretty?" "No." "Why, then, in Heaven's name did you marry her?" "It's very simple—to avoid a change of mother-in-law."

Some months ago an Oregon man named his girl-baby after Queen Victoria, and wrote to the Queen to that effect. Not hearing from her Majesty, he changed the child's name to Hannah, and went out and pounded the first Englishman he met.

"Here," complained the aggravated father, "I have spent nearly $15,000 on that girl's education, and now she goes and marries a $2500 a year clerk." "Well," said the friend of the family; "isn't that all of 15 per cent. on your investment? What more do you want?"

My experience, said Sir Walter Scott, makes me an enemy alike to premature marriages and to distant engagements. The first adds to our individual cares the responsibility for the beloved and helpless pledges of our affections, and the last are liable to the most cruel disappointments.

There had been a family jar. "Come, mother, come," says the son-in-law to the old lady, in obedience to the pitiful request of his wife not to be disagreeable, "let us make it up. I said there was no woman in the world so unbearable as you are—didn't I?—at which you felt hurt. Well, I take it back—there are others."

"Yes," said the girl who has borne the name of Marion for nineteen beautiful years; "it's all very well for the President's baby to be called Marion, but think how thick the Marions will be to stumble over for the next few years! I heard a street-car conductor yesterday tell his motorman, 'We're going to name our baby Marion, too.'"

At last the extreme limit in the apparel of the new Woman seems to have been reached. According to a Detroit newspaper, several bicycling girls of Coldwater, Michigan, have already outgrown the bloomer stage, and now ride in the streets and suburbs of that city clad in complete masculine costumes—knickerbockers, golf stockings and short jackets.

The new Czar Nicholas of Russia and the Duke of York are both stamp collectors, the Duke being President of the Philatelic Society. The stern laws of the English postal authorities have been relaxed in his favor as to the reprinting of obsolete issues, Mr. Gladstone having commanded the express printing for him at Somerset House of several very rare specimens.

Eugenie Murger, a cousin of Henri Murger, whose bust was recently set up in the Luxemburg Garden, has been discovered singing in the Paris streets for a living. During the sixties and seventies she was a popular chansonette singer in the cafes chantants, and, she says, sang in New York. She sank gradually to provincial and garrison town cafes, and then to the streets. Now she is profiting by the new craze for street singers and street songs.

## Masculinities.

The man who chases bubbles never has time to rest.

The man with the heaviest mustache often has the baldest head.

The man who goes after game during a prohibitive season may be said to be having a fine time.

"But, Edgar, love, would you die for me?" "Willingly, dear. What is puzzling me now is how I am going to live for you."

A man can wish he is dead with the satisfaction of knowing that he has at last made a wish that will some day be granted.

At the Glen Summit Hotel, in Pennsylvania, a few days ago, three gentlemen, named King, Queen and Ace, registered at the same time.

One of the most costly crowns in existence is said to be that of the King of Portugal. The jewels which ornament it are valued at $8,000,000.

Hicks: "Look at Sniggs flirting with the girls over there. I thought you said he was a woman-hater." Wicks: "So he is, but the woman he hates is not here."

John Manuel, aged 98, and his wife, aged 96, have just celebrated, at Kennebunkport, Me., the 75th anniversary of their wedding. For 80 years he has followed the sea as a fisherman.

"I am afraid you must be very fickle, Mr. Vane; you fall in and out of love so easily." "You can scarcely call me fickle, Miss Gushleigh. I have done that sort of thing constantly all my life."

Thomas Addis Emmet, who died in New York city, recently, aged 69 years, was a native of New York. He was named for his grandfather, who came to this country in 1804 and was a brother of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot.

It is now thought by some physicians that death in cases of electric shock is due to a contraction of the arteries under the influence of the current so great that the heart is not strong enough to overcome it, and keep up the circulation.

A curious will was left by a physician of Glasgow who died not long back. He bequeathed his entire fortune to his wife, out of gratitude for the fact that she had left him after a marriage of three months, and then allowed him peace and quietness.

A gentleman whose solvency is not so irreproachable as his attire has a dozen tailors at least, although the number of his garments is not large. Some one asked him why he had so many. "You see, I don't like, my dear friend," he said, "to have the loss all on one!"

A case of prolonged hiccoughing in an old man of 78, which had lasted 15 days, was cured by an Irish doctor lately after he had exhausted every remedy he could find by giving the patient some strong snuff. This set him to sneezing and stopped the hiccoughs at once.

There is an establishment for cookery classes now. It is said to be an absolute fact that already a number of men have become pupils. One of the benefits which it is believed will arise out of this innovation is that men will in future be more tolerant at their own tables.

Robert Pate, an Australian millionaire, whose death is reported, struck Queen Victoria in the face with a cane 40 years ago, when he was a Lieutenant in the Tenth Hussars. For this he was banished to Australia. He amassed great wealth, but was never allowed to leave Australia.

Calvin R. Baker, of Watertown, Mass., wanted a pension, and, making a cut in his leg, he inserted a copper cent. Blood poisoning followed, his leg was amputated, and he got a pension for "injuries sustained in the war." The facts came out through his confession. He's in the asylum now.

The Rev. Dr. T. E. Sherman, son of the late General W. T. Sherman, has just passed the year of probation which is the last stage of preparation for admission to the final vow of the Society of Jesus. He has been assigned to mission service in the Northwest. On invitation Dr. Sherman will deliver an address on "The Present Position of Catholics" before the members of the Catholic Summer school at Madison, Wisconsin.

Murderers are sometimes unconsciously humorous as well as forgetful. Isbah Gauthier, a Montreal man, was both. He and his sweetheart having agreed to die together, the former took his revolver, and began to carry out the agreement by shooting at his betrothed. But he forgot to count the number of the shots he fired, and before he was aware the last cartridge was exploded. When arrested he explained things to the police, and pathetically remarked, "Therefore I live."

A gentleman who had long been subject to the nocturnal visitation of thieves in his orchards, wishing to preserve his property without endangering any one's life, procured from a hospital the leg of a subject, which he placed one evening in a steel trap in his garden, and next morning sent the crier round the town to announce that "the owner of the leg left in Mr. —'s grounds last night, might receive it upon application." He was never robbed again.

## Latest Fashion Phases.

Alpaca, barege and grass linen are practical materials to buy at reduced prices, as the last is sure to be worn more or less next summer, and the first two are old-time fabrics revived for fashionable gowns made later in the season. Yellow is one of the most popular colors just at present, and a yellow barege gown can be made very striking with a yellow satin blouse waist striped with ecru guipure insertion, and finished with a belt, collar and frills over the shoulder of black satin ribbon. Black, gray, beige and white are the favorite colors in alpacas, and, with the striking contrasts employed for the waists, they make very stylish gowns. One model for black alpaca has a short jacket with a fluted basque and a wide collar of mauve velvet, trimmed on the edge with cream lace appliqué. It is worn over a blouse vest of mauve silk, which has frills of cream white batiste, edged with yellow Valenciennes insertion and lace down either side of the box plait. Ivory satin is a usual combination with beige alpaca, and is employed for the entire waist, which is covered with Venetian lace. Ruffles of beige chiffon extend down both sides of the front, which boasts the usual wide plait, jaunty little capes of alpaca are made to match this style of gown, and are trimmed simply with ruffles of beige chiffon. Bodices of Havana brown chiffon, finely plaited, trimmed with tiny rows of lace and finished with collar, belt and bow of Dresden ribbon, are still another combination which adds much to the effect of a plain beige skirt and sleeves.

Outing suits made of such materials as linen, pique and duck, are almost indispensable, as they may be utilized for both warm and cool weather. For the warmer days these suits are worn with vests of fine nainsook, batiste and lace, or with the popular shirt waist, while for cooler days they are accompanied by blouse bodices of silk. Linen skirts, with silk bodices, are also very popular. These fabrics, however, are pretty, not only for the cost and shirt costumes, but also for the simplest styles of gowns, consisting of a blouse bodice and large full skirt. They may be prettily garnished with embroidery, lace or braid; or with the same material in a different color; white, trimmed with ecru linen is very effective.

Ecru linen was the fabric chosen for one suit, and it was entirely without garniture. The skirt is wide and flaring, with broad front and side gores, and full straight widths in the back. A deep hem finishes the edge.

The jacket, being for a tall person, is rather long, with a full godet basque, and is faced back with a small collar and pointed revers. The sleeves are in leg-of-mutton shape, fitting snugly below the elbow. The vest front is in white muslin, with a broad box plait edged by tiny ruffles and garnished through the centre by silver studs. The full collar-band is of muslin, and the belt is adorned by a large silver buckle.

The hat of black straw is trimmed with t fleta ri tbons, aigrettes and chrysanthemums.

In the general cut these jackets differ but little. They have close-fitting backs, with loose, open fronts, and short, full godet basques. Some of the basques, however, are square at the front, others are round, and others extend only across the back, terminating at the under arm seams. As regards the collar and revers, there is opportunity for much variation in these. They may be large, small or medium size, while some jackets are finished without revers. A pretty style has a square sailor collar and revers, which are square to the bust, then abruptly sloped till they are quite narrow, and thus continue to the edge of the basque. This adds to the apparent height of the figure. The collar is generally either round or square, and may be in one with the revers, or slashed at the shoulder.

The revers may be either square or pointed, and a pretty idea is to round off the corners of the revers and collar at the shoulder. These portions of the suit may be of the material without garniture or trimmed with braid, or they may be overlaid with some other suitable fabric. The sleeves are usually in leg-of-mutton shape, and may or may not have cuffs. Care should be taken to make them large enough at the wrists to slip over the cuff of a laundered shirt-waist. Large buttons below the revers or at the waist, add much to the effect of the jacket. All edges and seams must be very neatly finished.

A sailor hat, trimmed either with a plain ribbon band and bow or more elaborately, usually accompanies these costumes. In Paris black sailor hats, trimmed with a band of white ribbon and two black quills crossed on the left side, are much in vogue.

Parasols have acquired an extravagance in variety, expenditure, and quantity of material that is extremely tantalizing to the woman who would attempt to combine service and dressy qualities in one. For a thing which cannot vary much in shape, and can show variety only in materials and trimming, the parasol has developed wonderful possibilities of variation, but of course it must have a certain amount of newness of style to compete with the elaboration and expansion of the gowns and hats.

Chiffons and artificial flowers figure largely in its make up. Chiffon parasols are seen in all colors, puffed and frilled, until they bear some resemblance to a ballet girl's skirt. Lace insertions and points are effectively mixed up with the chiffon, and other chiffon parasols are decked out with flowers, regardless of the fact that the combination must open and shut. Ruffles of lace or chiffon, either plain or figured, in graduated widths, entirely cover some of the parasols, either put on straight or in points. The prettiest and most becoming are lined with pink and yellow. Elaborate linings are made of ruffles of thin silk edged with lace, which show beyond the edge. Many are not lined at all, but have gilt ribs. Less expensive parasols are of moire, chine and pompadour silks, in a great variety of colors. They are made plain or trimmed with lace ruffles, and there is usually a large bow at the top attached to the stick, which is usually of white wood.

Insertions of the lace or chiffon puffings are a feature of the latest parasols, and these are put in toward the edge so as not to interfere with the purpose of protection, which is the excuse for its existence. Some of the chine parasols are lined with lace, and a particularly novel idea is a triple flounce of pinked-out silk of some bright contrasting color, put on in points on the inside so as to fall below. Watered silk parasols with chine borders are very effective, and black ones with ecru lace and chine ribbon trimmings are another novelty. Black and white striped silks and black and white brocades, the latter trimmed with black lace, are among the serviceable parasols, and black satins trimmed with ruffles of white or black lace are stylish.

White parasols are the thing for summer with thin dresses, and they come in great variety. One of the prettiest styles is of plain white silk, with two rows of lace insertion set in a little above the edge, but perfectly plain ones are good style and quite inexpensive. The handles are of white enamelled wood. There is an endless variety in handles, gold and tortoise shell, with the monogram of diamonds and pearls, being the most expensive and quite the exception. Dresden china, agate, mother of pearl, coral and ivory in the natural color are seen in large numbers among the sticks of natural wood.

### Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Frizzled Beef—To every cup of smoked beef cut in thin shavings take one tablespoonful of hot butter, one cup of scalded cream and one well beaten egg. Put the beef in a saucepan, pour one cup of boiling water over it, and let it stand on the back of the stove for ten minutes. Drain, add the butter, and as soon as the beef is frizzled or curled up add the cream and the egg. The egg should be well beaten and the cream poured over it. Season to taste with pepper and serve at once.

Egg Plant, Egyptian Style.—Throw a good-sized egg plant into a kettle of boiling water, and cook it for ten minutes. Cut into halves, scoop out the centre, leaving a wall about half inch thick. Chop that taken from the centre and mix with it four tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, twelve chopped almonds or a half cup of pine nuts (ground nuts would do.—Ed); season with a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoon of pepper; mix well, and fill into the egg plant. Stand in a baking pan; cover with a greased paper, and cook slowly in the oven until soft and dark; dish carefully without breaking.

For Raised Muffins.—Into a bowl put one and a half pints of Graham flour, half a cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of salt. Into a sieve put half a pint of white flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix thoroughly with this flour and sift on to the material in the bowl. Mix all thoroughly while dry, and add two nicely beaten eggs and a pint of milk. Fill muffin cups about two-thirds to the top and bake in a quick oven.

For Fried Weak Fish.—Let them stand, after being boned into fillets, for an hour, with a little good salad oil spread over them and sprinkled with some paprika and chopped parsley. When required to be served dip each fillet into a good rich batter, fry for six or seven minutes in good boiling fat, drain well on kitchen paper and serve sprinkled with parsley. Flounders are also excellent served in this way, adding a squeeze of lemon juice to the fillets before putting them in the oil. They should be turned so that both sides can get the oiling and the lemon juice.

To Serve Lettuce Hot.—Blanch it by lifting it out of a boiling hot pot, and drawing cold water over it, in a colander; then stew it in a little good stock or some beef essence, and serve quartered or in eighths of fried bread, covered with a little freshly grated cheese.

White Fruit Cake.—Take the white of three eggs, one half cupful each of butter and milk, one cupful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with almond. A very nice frosting for this cake may be made by beating powdered sugar enough into the yolks of the three eggs to make the mixture stiff enough to spread. By adding half a cupful of flour and one and one half cupfuls of fruit (raisins, currants, figs and citron), a very good fruit cake may be obtained.

A Rich Apple Meringue.—Stew two quarts of pared and sliced apples in a little water and some moist sugar, pulp them through a sieve, add a gill of rose water and lay the pulp at the bottom of a shallow pie dish. Beat up the yolks of three eggs well and add to them three-quarters of a pint of milk; pour this on the top of the fruit and place in a moderate oven to bake; when nearly done, whisk the white of the eggs to a stiff broth, mix in lightly two ounces of sifted sugar and pile it on the custard; re urn it to the oven to become a delicate brown.

Broiled Eggs.—Put a piece of butter the size of a small walnut into as many little paper cases as you wish to serve eggs, add a little minced parsley and chives, and set the cases on the gridiron over a clear fire; as soon as the butter begins to melt break a fresh egg into each case, sprinkle it with salt, coralline pepper, and some fine breadcrumbs, and let it cook over a clear, gentle fire, passing the salamander over it just at the last to set the whites and to color the crumbs.

Scotch Currant Bun.—Rub a quarter of a pound of either dripping or butter, and half a teaspoonful of baking powder, with one and a half breakfastcupfuls of flour, make to a firm paste with water, and roll out into a thin sheet; grease a tin dish and line it with the paste, keeping a bit for the top; now mix in a basin one pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, two pounds of large blue raisins (stoned), two pounds of currants washed in cold water rubbed dry and picked, quarter of a pound of orange peel, quarter of a pound of almonds, half an ounce of ginger, half an ounce of cinnamon, half an ounce of Jamaica pepper, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, full tea spoonful of cream of tartar, and small breakfast cup of milk, or just as much as barely moistens the mass; mix all thoroughly with the hands and put into the lined tin, flatten it on top, wet the edges round, and put on the lid of paste, prick over with a fork, brush with a little egg, and bake in an oven for two and a half hours.

Canned Corn.—This recipe has been used for some time and if the directions are carefully followed success is sure. First select fine, fresh corn, remove the husk and silk carefully, cut the corn off the cob; pack it into jars, pressing it closely. The jars when done should be filled to overflowing. Put on the tops without the rubbers and screw them loosely. Place hay or straw in the bottom of the wash boiler, or better still, wire frames that are made for the purpose, stand the jars on this and pour in sufficient water to half cover them, cover the boiler tightly and boil continuously for three hours; four hours are better. In my hands three were sufficient, but I find amateurs more successful if they boil continuously for four hours. Watch the boiler carefully to see if there is sufficient water to make a full volume of steam. At the end of the time lift the jars, put on the rubbers and screw down the covers as tightly as possible; put them back into the boiler as quickly as they are screwed and when the last jar is in cover the boiler and boil for thirty minutes. This time the jars may be in the water, that is, they may be simply put in quickly and need not be put upright. Take them out, screw the tops down again and stand them in a cool part of the kitchen, but not in a draught. When the jars are cold wipe them off, see that they are all firm, and keep them in a dark, cool, dry place.

Apple Meringue.—Pare, slice, stem and sweeten ripe, juicy apples; mash smooth, and season with nutmeg and a little lemon juice, adding a small piece of butter, as it adds to the flavor and makes it richer. Fill a deep pie-plate with a rich undercrust, and bake till done. Then whip the whites of three eggs for each pie to a stiff froth, with a little powdered sugar, in the proportion of one teaspoonful to an egg. Beat until it will stand alone, then spread over the pie three-fourths of an inch thick. Return it to the oven and let it remain two or three minutes until slightly browned. To be eaten cold.

Apple Dumpling.—Three teacupfuls flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of butter mixed well through flour, and one teaspoonful salt. Mix with sweet milk to a dough stiff enough to roll out upon the moulding-board. Roll into a sheet half an inch thick, spread with chopped apples. Roll dough up as you would roll rolled jelly cake. Pinch ends well together, so juice cannot escape. Place in well-buttered steamer and steam 1½ hours. Serve with cream or milk and sugar, or hard sauce.

Lima Beans.—Shell, wash and put into boiling water with a little salt; when boiled tender, drain and season them, and either dress with cream or large lump of butter, and let simmer for a few minutes.

Peach Tapioca Pudding.—In a quart of water soak over night a large cupful of tapioca. In the morning cook till it is soft, then add a pinch of salt, six heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, and the juice of a quart of nice peaches, stewed soft, but not broken. Pour half of the tapioca into a buttered pudding dish, lay in the peaches and pour over the remainder of the tapioca. Bake for an hour and serve with sweet cream.


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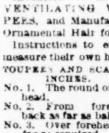

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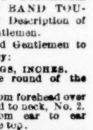

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|---|---|
| No. 1. The round of the head. | No. 1. The round of the head. |
| No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald. | No. 2. From forehead over the head to nock. |
| No. 3. Over forehead as far as required. | No. 3. From ear to ear over the top. |
| No. 4. Over the crown of the head. | No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead. |

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

**Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.**

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 25, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

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Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
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# Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Revue Franco Americaine" for July has just been issued and in all respects it fully bears out the expectation raised by its predecessor. For readers of French it will be found of exceptional interest, text and pictures combining to make a most tasteful and entertaining work. Published at New York.

"The Quiver" for August is especially attractive in short stories, well calculated to assist in pleasantly whiling away a few hours of the warm weather.

"Music" for August is fully up to the very high standard of this fine publication. Among articles of special value are "Street Musicians and Singers," "Rules for Expression," "Influence of Music on Life and Health," "The Ability to Listen to Music" and "Music in Madagascar." All musicians will find it of much interest and merit. Published at Chicago.

The August issue of "St. Nicholas" is a Midsummer Holiday number. Cromwell Galpin contributes an exciting story in "The Bronco's Best Race." Anna Robeson Brown has a merry ballad of Robin Hood's days, in "Nottingham Fair." "Bessie's Escape" is a story of adventure with a cougar. "What Gustus Gerlach Was Afraid Of," "Balieca, the War-Horse of the Cid," "The Cruise of the Wasp," "The Prong-Horned Antelope and the Caribou" and "The Voyage of a Chinese Wildcat." Among the verses are: "The Land of Make-Believe," "An August Woodroad," "The Ballad of Tumbledown Town" and "When King Kijolly Finds a Thief." The Century Co., New York.

The principal articles of the "Eclectic Magazine" for August are as follows: "The Debrutalization of Man," "The Collapse of Socialism," "Tommyrotics," "Some American 'Impressions' and 'Comparisons,'" "Cackon Corner," "Maria Edgeworth," "Two Great Shikaris," "On Undesirable Information," "Recent Science," by Prince Kropotkin; "The Morning Star," "Vignettes from Nature," by Richard Jefferies. Besides these articles there are one or two short stories, and the usual Foreign Literary Notes and Miscellany. Published by E. R. Pelton, 144 Eighth street, New York.

## A JAPANESE PLAY.

THE long, narrow Theatre street in Kyoto presents a lively spectacle enough at all hours, with its booths and side shows, flags and awnings; but at night, when the rosy glare of numberless swaying lanterns attract a swarm of fluttering human moths, the scene is a veritable kaleidoscope of color. All sorts and condition of Japs trip along on leisurely clogs, willing lingerers at an alluring shop-front or some less formal display of wares spread upon the pavement, amid which squats the bare-legged proprietor, blowing whiffs of tobacco smoke at the too inquisitive children; or else struggle into the little booths—small gambling dens, where the table owners are vociferous in their anxiety to beggar themselves for the benefit of their fellow creatures. The system is simple; bright colored sweet boxes, paper carts, dolls, crackers, combs, tiny lanterns, infinitesimal horses with red bodies and green eyes, and a host of other allurements, are strewn about in tasteful disorder, all being attached to separate strings which rise from the table like spiders' legs, and are gathered together in a twist through a short piece of bamboo; the emerging ends being adorned with tiny balls of colored glass. The gambler, having paid his sen—about a farthing—feverishly examines the string-ends, and endeavors to guess which of them corresponds to that beautiful group representing the cleaving in half of two pig tailed Celestials by a Japanese private. He chooses, and the twist is loosened amid breathless excitement; alas! his pulling string merely raises a little gilt mirror, which twirls derisively in mid-air—a twinkling object-lesson in the futility of human aspirations.

The sympathetic old gentleman next door, squatting behind a box of small change, now resumes his tapping of a lizard-skin drum, proclaiming the while with fitful energy that within is being enacted that marvelously popular drama of the "Revengeful Daimio and the Noble Maid. Above the entrance are exhibited pictorial representations of various psychological moments in the play; ferocious samurais slashing about in a vortex of heads and limbs; stately daimios, disguised in immense basket hats, their sheathed swords sticking out behind and before; kneeling ladies and prancing steeds; all executed with that beautiful disregard of anatomy and perspective which is the admitted base of all true art.

Further along is another theatre, too high class for vocal advertisement, whose pictures show personages of exalted rank in enigmatical attitudes, apparently quite engrossed in their consciousness of being bon ton. Here we are at last at what may be called the Adelphi of Kyoto, whose cartoons, traversing the whole breadth of the wooden facade, give promise of much blood curdling crime within. An aged dame hobbles in front of me along various dark gangways and up sundry ladder-like stairs, till I arrive, much bruised as to the forehead by certain treacherous beams and rafters, in the large box with chairs especially reserved for the eccentric European, whose anatomy and habits of dress prevent him squatting on his hams in a rational Japanese way. Ill fortune! By dawdling in Theatre Street I have lost the beginning of the piece, and must pick up the thread during the next entr'acte. Meanwhile, the scene represents with considerable fidelity the interior of a house, with its raised matted floor and frame work paper slides; in one corner a large cloisonne vase, on an ebony stand; in the centre, the inevitable little brazier and smoke box.

Making active use of this latter furniture, kneels the lady of the house, clad in highly decorative silk, her raven hair adorned with many a gleaming ornament. Pensively she kneels there, puffing at her little pipe and tapping the ashes into the bamboo ash-holder. To her enter presently two Disreputables, one on crutches by reason of a sort of string-halt, and the other apparently sound in wind and limb, with chubby cheeks and a shock of black hair. These fellows thrust themselves forward in a very unceremonious way, and finally squat down with much chattering and shouting, for the lame one is also afflicted with deafness—has possibly been damaged by the recent earthquakes.

Strangest of all, the lady takes absolutely no notice of this intrusion, as if it were the most natural thing for beggars to come and squat round her smoke box; and I begin to take her for some charitable person who keeps open house for the sick and needy. A wide shot! For, while these three enter into conversation anent the weather and kindred preliminaries, I consult the pictorial programme, and am agreeably horrified to find that whilst I was gazing at the gambling houses, this attractive-looking female has, at the instigation of her lover, actually stabbed a poor Chinaman for the sake of his money and a certain wonderfully bejewelled mirror, which he, a guest in the house, had imprudently exhibited to covetous eyes! And now these scamps are informing her that they, concealed, have witnessed this little affair, and that unless 500 yens apiece are forthcoming on the spot, and no credit, their consciences will give them no peace until they have communicated with the Japanese equivalent for Scotland Yard.

The next act exhibits a turbulent river with complicated waves curling under a wooden bridge. At the further end of the latter is a small police-box, such as one sees in all the towns; and the background seems to suggest the distant city, whose lights are indicated by naked candles stuck against the woodwork.

A tremendous shouting from somewhere behind us, announces the approach of the two Disreputables, who emerge on to the gangway (this represents the public road), and advance towards the stage, with much shouting by Chubby, and much slipping on uncertain crutches by his afflicted companion. At last they reach the front of the stage, and sit down to await, very noisily, the lady's arrival. In she comes, but not alone; her rascally lover is there too, with his kimono tucked up into his belt, and a handkerchief bound round the lower part of his face by way of impenetrable disguise. He stalks noiselessly around, brandishing a huge knife, and then squats in the wings, rolling his eyes in a most diabolical way, and awaiting his opportunity with threatening snorts.

It soon comes; while his fair accomplice engages the lame one's attention by patting his shaggy locks and generally pretending to have taken a great fancy to him, Chubby creeps behind, snatches his crutches away, throws him on his back, and proceeds to "do for" him by the simple process of pressing one foot on his body, and with both hands violently pulling his lame leg.

He is then dragged to the brink of the river, and creeps off the stage, behind the wide-spread kimono of a super; thus signifying that his corpse has been flung to the hungry waves. Then the lover tries to kill Chubby, the police come, all fly, and the officers pursue.

The next scene shows the front room of a tea-house, wherein four or five strangers are holding a desultory and unemotional conversation. There is little or no descriptive action, beyond severe throat-clearing, and as my knowledge of the Japanese idiom is practically restricted to talking English to such as understand it, I can give no particulars.

Suddenly, the whole scene swings round on a pivot, and brings forward six washerwomen, performing with their tubs in front of a well. They trample about on the clothes with their bare feet in a very cleansing way, exchanging personal and other reflections with the fluency peculiar to their profession. Two road-sweepers join them, and the badinage becomes comic.

One of these women soon attracts general ridicule by her unskilful and nervous washing. Her white hands and arms seem to shrink from contact with the linen in her tub, and there is a suspicious refinement about her bowed head and the pose of her figure. Her neighbors mockingly imitate her "finickin'" ways, then grab their kimonos pretty high and execute a bare-legged war dance in their tubs to show how the thing ought to be done; and finally, indignant at her trepidation, and especially at a piece of real satin underskirt, of which they catch a glimpse, fall upon the poor woman tooth and nail, cuff her, throw water at her, and generally abuse her with hands and tongue. The sweepers have fled, manlike, at the first symptoms of a row.

As she lies half-fainting on the ground, her face is turned upwards towards the audience. Surely I recognize that oval whiteness? Yes! she is indeed no other than the fair but evil heroine of the foregoing drama.

Ah! if Chubby had only not been so preposterously hard to kill, or if that miserable lantern-bearing lout had not blundered in when he did, all might have been well. But now, with her wicked lover possibly executed, and herself reduced to penury and the companionship of coarse and abusive females, who can fail to compassionate her? Certainly not the chorus, which is indulging in soft and sympathetic wails; certainly not even the hard featured washerwomen, listening with arms akimbo as she relates her sad story—no doubt with discreet omissions. It is a touching moment, and the gallery clap.

This calm, however, is of short duration. Some trifling incident is made the excuse for fresh and even severer maltreatment, and the hapless lady cries bitterly for help.

Suddenly there enters an aged crossing-sweeper, who, although his wrists are connected by a long chain, soon puts the rabble to flight with his broom (a fine new one), lifts up the bruised and fainting forms and speaks words of comfort. The samisens, breaking into quaint little runs and jumps, mingling with bursts of gruff but moving song.

And now a strange thing happens. For, as the old man reaches the climax of his story and looks hard at his listener to observe its effect, she raises her head and gazes at him with straining eyes.

"It is! it is! my long lost father!"

"Oh, my daughter!"

They rush into each other's arms and sob and weep most copiously. It is a melting moment; the chorus is quite overcome; likewise the audience, who have frequent and audible recourse to their little paper handkerchiefs; nay, the very broom seems to share the general emotion and to writhe its long bristles in sympathy.

Now a stern official hastily enters, roughly separates them, and drives off the weeping old man with blows and imprecations, while the daughter falls to the ground with bitter cries, clutching at the earth in the anguish of her soul. At length, exhausted by the storm of emotions, she lies there as if flung out beyond the pale of human intercourse, motionless, helpless, a picture of abject misery.

Thus the play attains its moral purpose in demonstrating that wicked lovers are apt to prove a disturbing element in the harmony of life, and triumphantly vindicates that venerable, though much neglected maxim, that evil doing inevitably contains its own punishment. Could anything be more edifying? The chorus plays a grand finale, and the audience surge out.

C. H. F.


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## Humorous.

FROM THE SEA

Down to the tide, by ocean side—
Oh, pause and shed a tear!—
A fair young dame for water came,
And almost got a bier.

How can I tell what her befell?
Alas, that such things be!
The fierce rough sea rolled in, and she
Rolled in the fierce rough sea.

"Oh, take me in—oh, take me in!"
Affrighted did she shout.
The breaker's dread had turned her head:
She meant, "Oh, take me out!"

Forgive who can the cruel man
Who heard that frightened shout,
And through the din cried out, "Swim in!"
Yet should have cried, "Swim out!"

Forgive who can the cruel man
Who raised his horrid hand,
And, with one swift and mighty lift,
Propelled her safe to land.

And now a sort of moral short
Let's point in two lines more—
Far better stand on washed on land
Than be washed—up on shore!

—U. N. Nose.

Playmates—Actors.

Always in fashion—F.

All the boats on a yacht race are not placed on the stake boat.

"I'm always at the head of my business," remarked the facetious barber.

Mother: "Frank, what is the baby crying about?" Frank: "I guess because I took his cake and showed him how to eat it."

"I always used to over-estimate my abilities," he remarked. "Well, never mind," she replied consolingly. "Your friends never did."

Jones: "I ate a piece of mince pie for breakfast last Sunday morning." Brown: "Well, what of it?" "I had terrible dreams at church."

"Is Thaddeus going to marry the young lady he is with to-night?" she asked. "No, I understand he is still devoted to his first love." "Who's that?" she. "Himself."

Servant: Please mum, Mrs. Nextdoor wants you to lend her some reading matter suitable for a sick person.

Mistress: Certainly. Give her those medical almanacs.

"You ought to have apologized to the lady for stepping on her foot," said his mother, after the caller had gone. "I did," answered Willie; "I told her I was sorry she couldn't keep her feet out of my way."

Mamma: "Did you share with your little brother the pie I made for you?"

Willie: "I gave it all to him."

"How generous of you."

"Yes'm, and now he's sick, and won't want to go fishing with us boys to-day."

Why is oak the worst wood of which to make a wooden leg?—Because it produces a corn.

The man who got intoxicated with delight has been turned out of the Temperance Society.

"My dear," said Mr. Darley to his wife, "we shall have to economize."

"Very well, love," replied Mrs. Darley, cheerfully; "suppose you resign from your club, give up smoking and shave yourself."

"That's a pretty programme, I must say. And what will you do as your share of our economy?"

"I will cut your hair."

A loafer, recently arrested in Cincinnati, being questioned by the officer as to his vocation, replied: "Sir, I am a doctor. I have cured a pain in the head of navigation, and drawn teeth from the mouth of the Mississippi. I have anatomized the side of a mountain, blistered the foot of a hill, felt the pulse of an arm of the sea, plastered a cut on the hand of nature, and cured a felon on the finger of scorn."

French gentleman to his rustic servant: "Well, Jean, did you give the Marquis my note?"

"Yes, sir, I gave it to him; but there's no use writing him letters—he can't see to read them. He's blind—blind as a bat!"

"Blind?"

"Yes, sir—blind. Twice he asked me where was my hat, and I had it on my head all the time. Blind as a bat!"

Nell: Did you hear the horrible discovery made by Dolly Riffy, who married that old Moneybags?

Belle: No, what was it?

Nell: She has just learned that he was once struck by lightning.

Belle: I don't see anything so horrible in that.

Nell: You don't? Don't you know lightning never strikes twice in the same place?

"My son," said Mr. Binks, with a frown, "Mr. Waldorf tells me he was hit behind the ear with a piece of putty this morning. Were you the boy that threw that piece of putty?"

"I cannot say, pops," said Willie. "Pieces of putty are so much alike that I doubt I could identify mine."

And then the old man took the boy upstairs and administered a few love taps.

COBBLERS.—In Flanders the Company of Cobblers not only take precedence of the Company of Shoemakers, but bear for their arms a boot with an imperial crown upon it. They ascribe this honor to the Emperor Charles V., who was fond of wandering incognito and on a certain night strolled into a cobbler's stall to get his boot mended. He found the cobbler making merry with his friends; and, when he preferred his request, was told that they were keeping the festival of Crispin, and that no work could be done on that day for any man, even though he were Charles himself; but that he was welcome to come and join them in drinking to St. Crispin, for they were as merry as the emperor himself could be. As this invitation jumped with the emperor's humor, he accepted it, and joined them in their drinking. "Here's Charles V.'s health!" said the cobbler. "Do you love him?" asked the emperor. "Love him?" said the cobbler, "say, I love his long nose ship well enough; but I should love him more if he would tax us less." They finished St. Crispin's Day very pleasantly; and on the morrow the Emperor sent for the cobbler to the palace, and mightily surprised him by thanking him for his hospitality on the previous evening, asking him to name what reward he would like best. The amazed cobbler took the night to think of it, and on the next day appeared before the emperor, and requested that the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their coat of arms a boot with a crown upon it. It was such a moderate request that the emperor told him he would not only grant that but another also; whereupon the son of Crispin asked that the cobblers might take precedence of the shoemakers; a request which was also granted to him.

PLEASANT FOR TEA DRINKERS.—She could a tea famine at any time become a disagreeable fact, it is well to know that there are substitutes that may be successfully adopted. These are of two sorts: those which contain theine, and which consequently have the same stimulating effect, and those which are destitute of that principle, only resembling the true tea in flavor and smell, but which possess some other mild intoxicant. Of the former class, the mate and guarana of South America are particularly rich in theine.

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Troubles, Take
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Cathartic Pills
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At World's Fair.
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Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.
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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.10, 9.10, 10.14, 11.14 a m. 12.57 (Dining car), 2.36, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

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FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 4.35, 8.00, 9.00 a m. 1.00, (Saturday only, 1.32 p m). 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.53, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.05, 4.30, 6.53, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m. daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m) 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 11.05 a m, 1.45, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6 03, p m.

For Reading Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.45, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6 03, p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6 00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 8.00, 9.00, (9 45 a m. (Saturdays only) 1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.45, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.45 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m. 4.30, 6.30 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, 7.00 a m. Sundays—Express, 7.45, 10.00, a m, 5.00, 10.00 a m. 4.45 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m. 4.45 p m. $1.00 Excursion train 7.00 a m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City (depot) week-days, Express, (Mondays only, 6.45) 7.00, 7 45, 8.15, 9.00, 10.15 a m. 3.15, 4.30, 5.30, 7 30, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.25, 8.00 a m. 4.25 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 6.00 p m. Sundays—Express, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8, 9, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m. 5.00 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave, 6.1 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad), Express, 9.15 a m (Saturdays only 1.00, 4.15, 5.15 p m. Sundays, 7.15, 9.15 a m.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a. m. 4 30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m. 4.30 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3902 Market street and at stations.

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